Tamburlain

the Great.

Who, from a Scythian Shepheard,
by his rare and woonderfull Conquests,
became a moſt puiſſant and mighty Monarque.
And (for his tyranny, and terrour in Warre) was tearmed,
The Scourge of God.

Deuided into two Tragicall Diſcourſes, as they were ſundrie times ſhewed vpon Stages in the Citie of London.

By the right honorable the Lord Admyrall, his ſeruantes.

Now firſt, and newlie publiſhed.

LONDON.
Printed by Richard Ihones: at the ſigne of the Roſe and Crowne neere Holborne Bridge. 1590.

Phot of HEH 136105

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To the Gentlemen Readers: and others that take pleasure in reading Histories.

GEntlemen, and curteous Readers whosoeuer: I haue here published in print for your sakes, the two tragical Discourses of the Scythian Shepheard, **Tamburlaine**, that became so great a Conquerour, and so mightie a Monarque: My hope is, that they wil be now no lesse acceptable vnto you to read after your serious affaires and studies, then they haue bene (lately) delightfull for many of you to see, when the same were shewed in London vpon stages: I haue (purposely) omitted and left out some fond and friuolous Iestures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) far vnmeet for the matter, which I thought, might seeme more tedious vnto the wise, than any way els to be regarded, though (happly) they haue bene of some vaine cõceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what times they were shewed vpon the stage in their graced deformities: neuertheles now, to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it wuld

To the Reader.

prooue a great disgrace to so honorable & stately a historie: Great folly were it in me, to commend vnto your wisedomes, either the eloquence of the Authour that writ them, or the worthinesse of the matter it selfe; I therefore leaue vnto your learned censures, both the one and the other, and my selfe the poore printer of them vnto your most curteous and fauourable protection; which if you vouchsafe to accept, you shall euermore binde mee to imploy what trauell and seruice I can, to the aduancing and pleasuring of your excellent degree.

Yours, most humble at commaundement,

R. I. Printer

The two tragicall Diſ-

courſes of mighty Tamburlaine, the Scythian Shepheard. &c.

The Prologue.

FRom iygging vaines of riming mother wits,
And ſuch conceits as clownage keepes in pay,
Weele lead you to the ſtately tent of War.
Where you ſhall heare the Scythian Tamburlaine:
Threatning the world with high aſtounding tearms
And ſcourging kingdoms with his cõquering ſword
View but his picture in this tragicke glaſſe,
And then applaud his fortunes as you pleaſe.

Actus. 1. Scæna. 1.

Mycetes, Coſroe, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius, Ceneus, with others.

Mycetes.

BRother Coſroe, I find my ſelfe agreeu'd,
Yet inſufficient to expreſſe the ſame:
For it requires a great and thundring ſpeech:
Good brother tell the cauſe vnto my Lords,
I know you haue a better wit than I.

Cos. Unhappie Perſea, that in former age
Haſt bene the ſeat of mightie Conquerors,
That in their prowеſſe and their pollicies,
Haue triumpht ouer Affrike, and the bounds
Of Europe, wher the Sun dares ſcarce appeare,
For freezing meteors and concealed colde:
Now to be rulde and gouerned by a man,
At whoſe byrth-day Cynthia with Saturne ioinde,
And Ioue, the Sun and Mercurie denied

To shed his influence in his fickle braine,
Now Turkes and Tartars shake their swords at th.
Meaning to mangle all thy Prouinces,
Mycet. Brother, I see your meaning well enough.
And thorough your Plancts I perceiue you thinke,
I am not wise enough to be a kinge,
But I refer me to my noble men,
That knowe my wit, and can be witnesses:
I might command you to be slaine for this,
Meander, might I not?
Meand. Not for so small a fault my soueraigne Lord
Mycet. I meane it not, but yet I know I might,
Yet liue, yea, liue, Mycetes wils it so:
Meander, thou my faithfull Counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceiued griefe,
Which is (God knowes) about that Tamburlaine,
That like a Foxe in midst of harvest time,
Doth prey vpon my flockes of Passengers.
And as I heare, doth meane to pull my plumes,
Therefore tis good and meete for to be wise.
Meand. Oft haue I heard your Maiestie complain,
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdie Scythian thiefe,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis,
Treading by land vnto the Westerne Isles,
And in your confines with his lawlesse traine,
Daily commits inciuill outrages.
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophesies)
To raigne in Asia, and with barbarous Armes,
To make himselfe the Monarch of the East:
But ere he march in Asia, or display
His vagrant Ensigne in the Persean fields,
Your Grace hath taken order by Theridimas,

Chardg'd

Charg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him Captive to your Highnesse throne,
Myce. Ful true thou speakst, t like thy selfe my lord
Whom I may tearme a Damon for thy loue.
Therefore tis best, if so it lik you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent,
To apprehend that paltrie Scythian.
How like you this, my honorable Lords:
Is it not a kingly resolution:
Cosr. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.
Myce. Then heare thy charge, valiant Theridimas
The chiefest Captaine of Myceres hoste,
The hope of Perse, and the verie legges
Whereon our state doth leane, as on a staffe,
That holds vs vp, and foiles our neighbour foes.
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foming galle with rage and high disdaine,
Haue sworne the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go frowning forth, but come thou smyling home,
As did Sir Paris with the Grecian Daine,
Returne with speed, time passeth swift away,
Our life is fraile, and we may die to day.
Ther. Before the Moone renew her borrowed light,
Doubt not my Lord and gratious Soueraigne,
But Tamburlaine, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercie at your highnesse feet.
Myce. Go, stout Theridimas, thy words are swords
And with thy lookes thou conquerest all thy foes:
I long to see thee backe returne from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine.
All loden with the heads of killed men,

And from their knees, euen to their hookes below,
Besmer'd with blood, that makes a dainty show.
The. Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leaue.
Myc. Therid. farewel ten thousand times, (Exit.
Ah, Menaphon, why staiest thou thus behind,
When other men prease forward for renowne?
Go Menaphon, go into Scythia,
And foot by foot follow Theridamas:
Cos. Nay, nay you let him stay, a greater
Fits Menaphon, than warring with a Theefe:
Create him Prorer of Affrica,
That he may win the Babylonians hearts,
Which will reuolt from Persean gouernment,
Unlesse they haue a wiser king than you.
Myc. Unlesse they haue a wiser king than you?
These are his words, Meander set them downe.
Cos. And ad this to them, that all Asia
Lament to see the follie of their King.
Myc. Well here I sweare by this my royal seat.
Cos. You may doe well to kisse it then.
Myc. Embost with silke as best beseemes my state,
To be reueng'd for these contemptuous words.
O where is dutie and allegeance now?
Fled to the Caspean or the Ocean maine?
What, shall I call thee brother? No, a foe,
Monster of Nature, shame vnto thy stocke,
That dar'st presume thy Soueraigne for to mocke.
Meander come, I am abus'd Meander. Exit.
Manent Cosroe & Menaphon.
Mena. How now my Lord, what, mated and amaz'd
To heare the king thus threaten like himselfe?
Cos. Ah Menaphon, I passe not for his threates,
The

The plot is laid by Persean Noble men,
And Captaines of the Medean garrisons,
To crowne me Emperour of Asia,
But this it is that doth excruciate
The verie substance of my vexed soule:
To see our neighbours that were woont to quake
And tremble at the Persean Monarkes name,
Now sits and laughs our regiment to scorne,
And that which might resolue me into teares:
Men from the farthest Equinoctiall line,
Haue swarm'd in troopes into the Easterne India:
Lading their shippes with golde and pretious stones:
And made their spoiles from all our prouinces.

Mena. This should intreat your highnesse to reioice,
Since Fortune giues you opportunity,
To gaine the tytle of a Conquerour,
By curing of this maimed Emperie,
Affrike and Europe bordering on your land,
And continent to your Dominions:
How easely may you with a mightie hoste,
Passe into Græcia, as did Cyrus once.
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Least you subdue the pride of Christendome.: (sound

Cos. But Menaph. what means this trumpets

Mena. Behold, my Lord Ortigius, and the rest,
Bringing the Crowne to make you Emperour.

Enter Ortigius & Conerus bearing a Crowne with others.

Ort. Magnificent and mightie Prince Cosroe,
We in the name of other Persean states,
And commons of this mightie Monarchie,
Present thee with th'Emperiall Diadem.

Cen. The

Cene. The warlike Souldiers, & the Gentlemen,
That heretofore haue fild Persepolis
With Affrike Captaines, taken in the field:
Whose ransome made them march in coates of gold,
With costlie iewels hanging at their eares,
And shining stones vpon their loftie Crestes,
Now liuing idle in the walled townes,
Wanting both pay and martiall discipline.
Begin in troopes to threaten ciuill warre.
And openly exclaime against the King.
Therefore to stay all sodaine mutinies,
We will inuest your Highnesse Emperour:
Whereat the Souldiers will conceiue more ioy,
Then did the Macedonians at the spoile
Of great Darius and his wealthy hoast.

Cosr. Wel, since I see the state of Persea droope,
And languish in my brothers gouernment:
I willingly receiue th'imperiall crowne,
And vow to weare it for my countries good:
In spight of them shall malice my estate.

Ortyg. And in assurance of desir'd successe,
We here doo crowne thee Monarch of the East,
Emperour of Asia, and of Persea,
Great Lord of Medea and Armenia:
Duke of Affrica and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia,
East India and the late discouered Isles,
Chiefe Lord of all the wide vast Euxine sea,
And of the euer raging Caspian Lake:
Long liue Cosroe mighty Emperour.

Cosr. And loue may neuer let me longer liue,
Then I may seeke to gratifie your loue,

And

And cause the souldiers that thus honour me,
To triumph ouer many Prouinces.
By whose desires of discipline in Armes,
I doubt not shortly but to raigne sole king,
And with the Armie of Theridamas,
Whether we presently will flie (my Lords)
To rest secure against my brothers force. (crowne,
Ortyg. We knew my Lord, before we brought the
Intending your inuestion so neere,
The residence of your dispised brother,
The Lord would not be too exasperate,
To iniure or suppresse your worthy tytle.
Or if they would, there are in readines
Ten thousand horse to carie you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.
Cosr. I know it wel my Lord, & thanke you all,
Ortyg. Sound vp the trumpets then,
God saue the King. Exeunt.

Actus. 1. Scœna. 2:

Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate: Techelles, Vsumeasane, other Lords and Souldiers loden with treasure.

Tam. COme lady, let not this appal your thoughts
The iewels and the treasure we haue tane
Shall be reseru'd, and you in better state,
Than if you were arriu'd in Siria.
Euen in the circle of your Fathers armes:
The mightie Souldan of Egyptia.
Zeno. Ah Shepheard, pity my distressed plight,
(If

(If as thou seem'st, thou art so meane a man)
And seeke not to inrich thy followers,
By lawlesse rapine from a silly maide.
Who trauelling with these Persian Lords
To Memphis, from my vncles country of Media,
Where all my youth I haue bene gouerned,
Haue past the armie of the mightie Turke:
Bearing his princie signet and his hand:
To safe conduct vs thorow Affrica:
Mag. And since we haue arriu'd in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puisant Cham,
We haue his highnesse letters to command
Aide and assistance if we stand in need.
Tam. But now you see these letters & commandes,
Are countermanded by a greater man:
And through my prouinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightinesse,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But since I loue to liue at liberty,
As easely may you get the Soulduns crowne,
As any prizes out of my precinct.
For they are friends that help to weame my state,
Till men and kingdomes help to strengthen it:
And must maintaine my life exempt from seruitude.
But tell me Maddam, is your grace betroth'd:
Zen. I am (my Lord,) for so you do import.
Tam. I am a Lord, for so my deeds shall proue,
And yet a shepheard by my Parentage:
But Lady, this faire face and heauenly hew,
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia:
And meanes to be a terrour to the world,
Measuring the limits of his Emperie

By

By East and west, as Phœbus doth his course:
Lie here ye weedes that I disdaine to weare,
This compleat armor, and this curtle-axe
Are adiuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine.
And Maddam, whatsoeuer you esteeme
Of this successe, and losse vnvalued,
Both may inuest you Empresse of the East:
And these that seeme but silly country Swaines,
May haue the leading of so great an host,
As with their waight shall make the mountains quake.
Euen as when windy exhalations,
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

Tec. As princely Lions when they rouse themselues,
Stretching their pawes, and threatning heardes of Beastes.
So in his Armour looketh Tamburlaine:
Me thinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning browes and fiery lookes,
Spurning their crownes from off their captiue heads.

Vsum. And making thee and me Techelles, kinges,
That euen to death will follow Tamburlaine.

Tam. Nobly resolu'd, sweet friends and followers,
These Lords (perhaps) do scorne our estimates:
And thinke we prattle with distempered spirits,
But since they measure our deserts so meane,
That in conceit bear Empires on our speares,
Affecting thoughts coequall with the cloudes,
They shall be kept our forced followers,
Till with their eies thee view vs Emperours.

Zen. The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will neuer prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppresse poore friendles passengers.

There-

Therefore at least admit vs libertie,
Euen as thou hop'ſt to be eternized,
By liuing Aſias mightie Emperour.
Agid. I hope our Ladies treaſure and our owne,
May ſerue for ranſome to our liberties:
Returne our Mules and emptie Camels backe,
That we may trauaile into Siria,
Where her betrothed Lord Alcidamus,
Expects th'arriuall of her highneſſe perſon.
Mag. And whereſoeuer we repoſe our ſelues,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.
Tamb. Diſdaines Zenocrate to liue with me?
Or you my Lordes to be my followers?
Thinke you I way this treaſure more than you?
Not all the Gold in Indias welthy armes,
Shall buy the meaneſt ſouldier in my traine.
Zenocrate, louelier than the Loue of Ioue,
Brighter than is the ſiluer Rhodolfe,
Fairer than whiteſt ſnowe on Scythian hils,
Thy perſon is more woorth to Tamburlaine,
Than the poſſeſſion of the Perſean Crowne.
Which gratious ſtarres haue promiſt at my birth,
A hundreth Tartars ſhall attend on thee,
Mounted on Steeds, ſwifter than Pegaſus.
Thy Garments ſhall be made of Medean ſilke,
Enchaſt with precious iuelles of mine owne:
More rich and valurous than Zenocrates.
With milke-white Harts vpon an Ivorie ſled,
Thou ſhalt be drawen amidſt the froſen Pooles,
And ſcale the ſlie mountaines lofty tops:
Which with thy beautie will be ſoone reſolu'd.
My martiall prizes with fiue hundred men,

Wum on the fiftie headed Vuolgas waues.
Shall all we offer to Zenocrate,
And then my selfe to faire Zenocrate.
Tech. What now: In loue:
Tam. Techelles, women must be flatered.
But this is she with whom I am in loue.
Enter a Souldier.
Sould. Newes, newes.
Tamb. How now, what's the matter:
Sould. A thousand Persean horsmen are at hand,
Sent from the King to ouercome vs all.
Tam. How now my Lords of Egypt & Zenocrate:
Now must your iewels be restor'd againe:
And I that triumpht so be ouercome.
How say you Lordings, Is not this your hope:
Agid. We hope your selfe wil willingly resigne the.
Tamb. Such hope, such fortune haue the thousand
Soft ye my Lords and sweet Zenocrate. (horse.
You must be forced from me ere you goe:
A thousand horsmen: We fiue hundred foote:
An ods too great, for vs to stand against:
But are they rich: And is their armour good:
Sould. Their plumed helmes are wrought with
(beaten golde.
Their swords enameld, and about their neckes
Hangs massie chaines of golde downe to the waste,
In euery part exceeding braue and rich.
Tam. Then shall we fight couragiously with them.
Or looke you, I should play the Orator:
Tech. No: cowards and fainthearted runawaies,
Looke for orations when the foe is neere.
Our swordes shall play the Orators for vs.

Vsum, Come

Vsum. Come let vs meet them at the mountain foot,
And with a sodaine and an hot alarme
Driue all their horses headlong down the hill.
Tech. Come let vs martch.
Tam. Stay Techelles, aske a parlee first,
The Souldiers enter.
Open the Males, yet guard the treasure sure,
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflexions may amaze the Persians.
And looke we friendly on them when they come:
But if they offer word or violence,
Weele fight fiue hundred men at armes to one,
Before we part with our possession.
And gainst the Generall we will lift our swords,
And either lanch his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chaine shall serue
For Manackles, till he be ransom'd home.
Tech, I heare them come, shal we encounter them?
Tam. Keep all your standings, and not stir a foote,
My selfe will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter Theridamas with others.

Ther. Where is this Scythian Tamberlaine?
Tam. Who seekst thou Persean? I am Taburlain.
Ther. Tamburlaine? A Scythian Shepheard,
(so imbellished
With Natures pride, and richest furniture,
His looks do menace heauen and dare the Gods,
His fierie eies are fixt vpon the earth.
As if he now deuis'd some Stratageme:
Or meant to pierce Auernas darksome vaults.

And

To pull the triple headed dog from hell.
tamb. Noble and milde this Perseau seemes to be,
If outward habit iudge the inward man,
tech. His deep affections make him passionate.
tamb. With what a maiesty he rears his looks:
In thee(thou valiant man of Persea)
I see the folly of thy Emperour:
Art thou but Captaine of a thousand horse,
That by Characters grauen in thy browes,
And by thy martiall face and stout aspect,
Deseru'st to haue the leading of an hoste:
Forsake thy king and do but ioine with me
And we will triumph ouer all the world.
I hold the Fates bound fast in yron chaines,
And with my hand turne Fortunes wheel about,
And sooner shall the Sun fall from his Spheare,
Than Tamburlaine be slaine or ouercome.
Draw forth thy sword,thou mighty man at Armes,
Intending but to rase my charmed skin:
And Ioue himselfe will stretch his hand from heauen.
To ward the blow,and shield me safe from harme,
See how he raines down heaps of gold in showers.
As if he meant to giue my Souldiers pay,
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the Monark of the East.
He sends this Souldans daughter rich and braue,
To be my Queen and portly Empresse,
If thou wilt stay with me,renowmed man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prise,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martiall spoile
Of conquered kingdomes, and of Cities sackt,

Both we wil walke vpon the lofty clifts,
And Chriſtian Merchants that with Ruſſian ſtems
Plow vp huge furrowes in the Caſpian ſea.
Shall vaile to vs, as Lords of all the Lake.
Both we will raigne as Conſuls of the earth,
And mightie kings ſhall be our Senators,
Ioue ſometime maſked in a Shepheards weed,
And by thoſe ſteps that he hath ſcal'd the heauens,
May we become immortall like the Gods.
Ioine with me now in this my meane eſtate,
(I cal it meane, becauſe being yet obſcure,
The Nations far remoou'd admyre me not)
And when my name and honor ſhall be ſpread,
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
Or faire Botës ſends his cheerefull light.
Then ſhalt thou be Competitor with me,
And ſit with Tamburlaine. in all his maieſtie.

Ther. Not Hermes Prolocutor to the Gods,
Could vſe perſwaſions more pathetically.

Tam. Nor are Apollos Oracles more true,
Then thou ſhalt find my vaunts ſubſtantiall.

Tec. We are his friends, and if the Perſean king
Should offer preſent Dukedomes to our ſtate,
We thinke it loſſe to make exchange for that,
We are aſſured of by our friends ſucceſſe.

Vſum. And kingdomes at the leaſt we all expect.
Beſides the honor in aſſured conqueſtes:
Where kings ſhall crouch vnto our conquering ſwords,
And hoſtes of ſouldiers ſtand amaz'd at vs,
When with their fearfull tongues they ſhall confeſſe
Theſe are the men that all the world admires, (ſoule

Ther. What ſtrange enchantments tice my yeelding

Are

Are these resolued noble Scythians?
But shall I proone a Traitor to my King?
Tam. No, but the trustie friend of Tamburlaine.
Ther. Won with thy words, & conquered with thy looks,
I yeeld my selfe, my men & horse to thee:
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintaines Theridamas.
Tam. Theridamas my friend, take here my hand.
Which is as much as if I swore by heauen,
And call'd the Gods to witnesse of my vow,
Thus shall my heart be still combinde with thine,
Untill our bodies turne to Elements:
And both our soules aspire celestiall thrones.
Techelles, and Casane, welcome him.
Tech. Welcome renowmed Persean to vs all.
Cas. Long may Theridamas remaine with vs.
Tam. These are my friends in who I more reioice,
Than dooth the King of Persea in his Crowne:
And by the loue of Pylades and Orestes,
Whose statutes we adore in Scythia,
Thy selfe and them shall neuer part from me,
Before I crowne you kings in Asia.
Make much of them gentle Theridamas,
And they will neuer leaue thee till the death.
Ther. Nor thee, nor them, thrice noble Tamburlain
Shal want my heart to be with gladnes pierc'd
To do you honor and securitie.
Tam. A thousand thankes worthy Theridamas:
And now faire Madam, and my noble Lords,
If you will willingly remaine with me,
You shall haue honors, as your merits be:
Or els you shall be forc'd with slauerie.

Agid. We yeeld vnto thee happie Tamburlaine.
tamb. For you then Maddam, I am out of doubt
Zeno. I must be pleasde perforce, wretched
(Zenocrate. Exeunt.

Actus. 2. Scœna. 1.

Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with other Souldiers.

Cosroe.

THus farre are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forhead of his fortune,
Beares figures of renowme and myracle:
But tell me, that hast seene him, Menaphon,
What stature wields he, and what personage?

Mena. Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift vpwards and diuine,
So large of lims, his ioints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainely beare
Olde Atlas burthen, twixt his manly pitch,
A pearle more worth, then all the world is plaste:
Wherein by curious soueraintie of Art,
Are fixt his piercing instruments of sight:
Whose fiery cyrcles beare encompassed
A heauen of heauenly bodies in their Spheares:
That guides his steps and actions to the throne.
Where honor sits inuested royally:
Pale of complexion: wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with soueraintie with loue of armes,
His lofty browes in folded, do figure death,

And

And in their smoothnesse,amitie and life:
About them hangs a knot of Amber heire.
Wrapped in curles,as fierce Achilles was,
On which the breath of heauen delights to play,
Making it daunce with wanton maiestie:
His armes and fingers long and snowy,
Betokening valour and excesse of strength:
In euery part proportioned like the man,
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.
Cos Well hast thou pourtraid in thy tearms of life,
The face and personage of a woondrous man:
Nature doth striue with Fortune and his stars,
To make him famous in accomplisht worth:
And well his merits show him to be made:
His Fortunes master, and the king of men.
That could perswade at such a sodaine pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life,
A thousand sworne and ouermatching foes:
Then when our powers in points of swords are ioin'd
And closde in compasse of the killing bullet,
Though straight the passage and the port be made,
That leads to Pallace of my brothers life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.
And when the princely Persean Diadem,
Shall ouerway his wearie witlesse head,
And fall like mellowed fruit,with shakes of death,
In faire Persea noble tamburlaine
Shall be my Regent,and remaine as King:
Ort. In happy hower we haue set the Crowne
Upon your kingly head,that seeks our honor,
In ioyning with the man,ordain'd by heauen
To further euery action to the best.

Cen. He that with Shepheards and a little spoile,
Durst in disdaine of wrong and tyrannie,
Defend his freedome gainst a Monarchie
What will he doe supported by a king:
Leading a troope of Gentlemen and Lords,
And stuft with treasure for his highest thoughts,
Cos. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine.
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlain and braue Theridamas
Haue met vs by the riuer Araris:
And all conioin'd to meet the wittiest King.
That now is marching neer to Parthia.
And with vnwilling souldiers faintly arm'd,
To seeke reuenge on me and Tamburlaine.
To whom sweet Menaphon, direct me straight.
Mena. I will my Lord. Exeunt.

Act. 2. Scæna. 2.

Mycetes, Meander, with other Lords and Souldiers.

Mycetes.

COme my Meander, let vs to this geere,
I tel you true my heart is swolne with wrath,
On this same theeuish villaine tamburlaine.
And of that false Cosroe, my traiterous brother
Would it not grieue a King to be so abusde.
And haue a thousand horsmen taue away:
And which is worst to haue his Diadem
Sought for by such scalde knaues as loue him not:
I thinke it would: wel then, by heauens I sweare,
Aurora shall not peepe out of her doores,

But

But I will haue Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword.
Tell you the rest (Meander) I haue said.
Mean. Then hauing past Armenian desarts now,
And pitch our tents vnder the Georgean hilles.
Whose tops are couered with Tartarian thieues,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a pray:
What should we doe but bid them battaile straight,
And rid the world of those detested troopes:
Least if we let them lynger here a while,
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This countrie swarmes with vile outragious men,
That liue by rapine and by lawlesse spoile,
Fit Souldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine.
And he that could with gifts and promises,
Inueigle him that lead a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith vnto his King,
Will quickly win such as are like himselfe.
Therefore cheere vp your mindes, prepare to fight,
He that can take or slaughter tamburlaine,
Shall rule the Prouince of Albania.
Who brings that Traitors head theridamas,
Shal haue a gouernment in Medea:
Beside the spoile of him and all his traine:
But if Cosroe (as our Spials say,
And as we know) remaines with tamburlaine,
His Highnesse pleasure is that he should liue,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenitie.
A Spy. An hundred horsmen of my company
Scowting abroad vpon these champion plaines,
Haue view'd the army of the Scythians,
Which make reports it far exceeds the Kings.

Mean. Suppose they be in number infinit,
Yet being void of Martiall discipline,
All running headlong after greedy spoiles:
And more regarding gaine than victory:
Like to the cruell brothers of the earth,
Sprong of the teeth of Dragons venomous,
Their careleſſe ſwords ſhal lanch their fellowes throats
And make vs triumph in their ouerthrow.
Myc. Was there ſuch brethren, ſweet Meander, ſay
That ſprong of teeth of Dragons venomous.
Meand. So Poets ſay, my Lord.
Myce. And tis a pretty toy to be a Poet.
Wel, wel (Meander) thou art deeply read:
And hauing thee, I haue a iewell ſure:
Go on my Lord, and giue your charge I ſay,
Thy wit will make vs Conquerors to day.
Mean. Then noble ſouldiors, to intrap theſe theeues,
That liue confounded in diſordered troopes,
If wealth or riches may preuaile with them,
We haue our Cammels laden all with gold:
Which you that be but common ſouldiers,
Shall fling in euery corner of the field:
And while the baſe borne Tartars take it vp,
You fighting more for honor than for gold,
Shall maſſacre thoſe greedy minded ſlaues.
And when their ſcattered armie is ſubdu'd:
And you march on their ſlaughtered carkaſſes,
Share equallly the gold that bought their liues,
And liue like Gentlemen in Perſea,
Strike vp the Drum and march corragiouſly,
Fortune her ſelfe doth ſit vpon our Creſts.
Myc. He tels you true, my maiſters, ſo he does.
Drums, why ſound ye not whe Meand. ſpeaks. Exeunt

Actus. 2. Scæna. 3.

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumeasane, Ortygius, with others.

Cosroe.

NOw worthy Tamburlaine, haue I repolde,
In thy approoued Fortunes all my hope,
What thinkst thou man, shal come of our attempts.
For euen as from assured oracle,
I take thy doome for satisfaction.

Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit my Lord.
For Fates and Oracles, heauen haue swornе,
To reralise the deedes of tamburlaine:
And make them blest that share in his attempts.
And doubt you not, but if you fauour me,
And let my Fortunes and my valour sway,
To some direction in your martiall deeds,
The world will striue with hostes of men at armes.
To swarme vnto the Ensigne I support,
The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said
To drinke the mightie Parthian Araris,
Was but a handful to that we will haue.
Our quiuering Lances shaking in the aire,
And bullets like Ioues dreadfull Thunderbolts,
Enrolde in flames and fiery smoldering mistes,
Shall threat the Gods more than Cyclopian warres,
And with our Sun-bright armour as we march,
Weel chase the Stars from heauen, and dim their eies
That stand and muse at our admyred armes.

therid. You see my Lord, what woorking woordes (he hath.

But

But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extol his worth,
As I shall be commended and excuse
For turning my poore charge to his direction.
And these his two renowned friends my Lord,
Would make one thrust and strive to be retaind
In such a great degree of amitie.

Tech. With dutie not with amitie we yeeld
Our vtmost seruice to the faire Cosroe.

Cos. Which I esteeme as portion of my crown.
Vsumcasane and techelles both,
When she that rules in Rhamnis golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous Armes:
Shall make me solely Emperour of Asia,
Then shall your meeds and vallours be aduaunst
To roomes of honour and Nobilitie.

Tam. Then haste Cosroe to be king alone.
That I with these my friends and all my men,
May triumph in our long expected Fate,
The King your Brother is now hard at hand,
Meete with the foole, and rid your royall shoulders
Of such a burthen, as outwaies the sands
And all the craggie rockes of Caspea.

Mess. My Lord, we haue discouered the enemie
Ready to chardge you with a mighty armie.

Cos. Come tamburlain, now whet thy winged sword
And lift thy lofty arme into the cloudes,
That it may reach the King of Persias crowne,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

tam. See where it is, the keenest Cutle-axe.
That ere made passage thorow Persian Armes,
These are the wings shall make it flie as swift,

As

As doth the lightening or the breath of heauen,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.
Col. Thy words assure me of kind successe:
Go valiant Souldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish King.
tamb. Vmcasane and techelles come,
We are enough to scarre the enemy,
And more than needes to make an Emperour.

To the Battaile, and Mycetes comes out alone with his Crowne in his hand, offering to hide it.

Myc. Accurst be he that first inuented war,
They knew not, ah, they knew not simple men,
How those were hit by pelting Cannon shot,
Stand staggering like a quiuering Aspen leafe,
Fearing the force of Boreas boistrous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not giuen me wisedomes lore?
For Kings are clouts that euery man shoots at,
Our Crowne the pin that thousands seeke to cleaue.
Therefore in pollicie I thinke it good
To hide it close: a goodly Stratagem,
And far from any man that is a foole.
So shall not I be knowen, or if I bee,
They cannot take away my crowne from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlain.

tam. What fearful coward straggling from the camp
When Kings themselues are present in the field.
Myc. Thou lyest.
tam. Base villaine, darst thou giue the lie?
Myc. Away, I am the King: go, touch me not.

Then

Thou breakst the law of Armes vnlesse thou kneele.
And cry me mercie, noble King.

Tam Are you the witty King of Persea?

Myce. I marie am I: haue you any sutte to me?

Tam. I would intreat you to speak but three wise woordes.

Myce. So I can when I see my time.

Tam. Is this your Crowne?

Myce. I, Didst thou euer see a fairer?

Tamb. You will not sell it, will ye?

Myce. Such another woord, and I will haue thee executed.
Come giue it me.

Tamb. No, I tooke it prisoner.

Myce. You lie, I gaue it you.

tam. Then tis mine.

Myce. No, I meane, I let you keep it.

tamb. Wel, I meane you shall haue it againe.
Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,
Till I may see thee hem'd with armed men.
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:
Thou art no match for mightie Tamburlaine.

Myce. O Gods, is this tamburlaine the thicke,
I marueile much he stole it not away.

Sound trumpets to the battell, aud he runs in.

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Menaphon,
Meander, Ortygius. Techelles. Vsumcasane,
with others.

Tamb. Holde thee Cosroe, weare two imperiall
(Crownes.

Thinke

Thinks thee inuested now as royally,
Euen by the mighty hand of tamburlaine,
As if as many kinges as could encompasse thee,
With greatest pompe had crown'd thee Emperour.
Cosr. So do I thrice renowmed man at armes,
And none shall keepe the crowne but tamburlaine:
Thee doo I make my Regent of Persea,
And Generall Lieftenant of my Armies.
Meander, you that were our brothers Guide,
And chiefest Counsailor in all his acts,
Since he is yeelded to the stroke of War,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And giue you equall place in our affaires.
Mean. Most happy Emperour in humblest tearms
I vow my seruice to your Maiestie.
With vtmost vertue of my faith and dutie.
Cosr. Thanks good Meander, then Cosroe raign
And gouerne Persea in her former pomp:
Now send Ambassage to thy neighbor Kings,
And let them know the Persean King is chang'd:
From one that knew not what a King should do,
To one that can commaund what longs thereto:
And now we will to faire Persepolis,
With twenty thousand expert souldiers.
The Lords and Captaines of my brothers campe,
With litle slaughter take Meanders course,
And gladly yeeld them to my gracious rule:
Ortigius and menaphon, my trustie friendes,
Now will I gratify your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.
Ort. And as we euer and at your behoofe,
And sought your state, all honor it deseru'd,

So

So will we with our powers and our lives,
Indeuor to preserue and prosper it.
Cos. I will not thank thee (sweet Ortigius)
Better replies shall proue my purposes.
And now Lord tamburlaine, my brothers Tamp
I leaue to thee, and to theridamas,
To follow me to faire Persepolis.
Then will we march to all those Indian Mines,
My witlesse brother to the Christians lost:
And ransome them with fame and victorie.
And till thou ouertake me tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scattered troopes)
Farewell Lord Regent, and his happie friends,
I long to sit vpon my brothers throne,
Mena. Your Maiestie shall shortly haue your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis. Exeunt.

Manent Tamb. Tech. Ther. Vsum.

tamb. And ride in triumph through Persepolis?
Is it not braue to be a King, techelles?
Vsumcasane and theridamas,
Is it not passing braue to be a King,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

tech. O my Lord, tis sweet and full of pompe.

Vsum. To be a King, is halfe to be a God.

ther. A God is not so glorious as a King:
I thinke the pleasure they enioy in heauen
Can not compare with kingly ioyes in earth,
To weare a Crowne enchac'd with pearle and golde,
Whose vertues carie with it life and death,
To aske, and haue: commaund, and be obeied.
When looks breed loue, with lookes to gaine the prize;
Such power attractiue shines in princes eies.

tam

tam. Why say theridamas, wilt thou be a king?
ther. Nay, though I praise it, I can liue without it.
tam. what saies my other friends, wil you be kings?
tec. I, if I could with all my heart my Lord.
tam. Why, that's wel said techelles, so would I.
And so would you my maisters, would you not?
Vsum. What then my Lord?
tam. Why then Casanes shall we with for ought
The world affoords in greatest noueltie,
And rest attempteles faint and destitute?
Me thinks we should not, I am strongly moou'd,
That if I should desire the Persean Crowne,
I could attaine it with a woondrous ease,
And would not all our souldiers soone consent,
If we should aime at such a dignitie?
ther. I know they would with our perswasions.
tam. Why then theridamas, Ile first assay,
To get the Persean Kingdome to my selfe:
Then thou for Parthia, they for Scythia and Medea.
And if I prosper, all shall be as sure,
As if the Turke, the Pope, Affrike and Greece,
Came creeping to vs with their crownes apace.
tech. Then shall we send to this triumphing King,
And bid him battell for his nouell Crowne?
Vsum. Nay quickly then, before his roome be hot.
tam. Twil proone a pretie iest (in faith) my friends.
the. A iest to chardge on twenty thousand men?
I iudge the purchase more important far.
tam. Iudge by thy selfe theridamas, not me,
For presently techelles here shal haste,
To bid him battaile ere he passe too farre,
And lose more labor than the gaine will quight.

Then

Then shalt thou see the Scythian tamburlaine,
Make but a iest to win the Persean crowne.
techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turne his back to war with vs,
That onely made him King to make vs sport.
We will not steale vpon him cowardly,
But giue him warning and more warriours.
Haste the techelles, we will follow thee.
What saith theridamas?

ther. Goe on for me. Exeunt.

Actus. 2. Scæna. 6.

Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon, with other Souldiers.

Cos.

WHat means this diuelish shepheard to aspire
With such a Giantly presumption.
To cast vp hils against the face of heauen:
And dare the force of angrie Iupiter.
But as he thrust them vnderneath the hils,
And prest out fire from their burning iawes:
So will I send this monstrous slaue to hell,
Where flames shall euer feed vpon his soule.

mean. Some powers diuine, or els infernall, mixt
Their angry seeds at his conception:
For he was neuer sprong of humaine race,
Since with the spirit of his fearefull pride,
He dares so doubtlesly resolue of rule.
And by profession be ambitious.

Ort. What God or Feend, or spirit of the earth,
Or Monster turned to a manly shape,

Or

Or of what mould or mettel he be made,
What star or state soeuer gouerne him,
Let vs put on our meet incountring mindes,
And in detesting such a diuelish Thiefe,
In loue of honor & defence of right,
Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heauen he grow.

Cos. Nobly resolu'd, my good Ortygius.
And since we all haue suckt one wholsome aire,
And with the same proportion of Elements,
Resolue, I hope we are resembled,
Vowing our loues to equall death and life,
Let's cheere our souldiers to incounter him,
That grieuous image of ingratude:
That fiery thirster after Soueraingtie:
And burne him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quence but blood and Emperie.
Resolue my Lords and louing souldiers now,
To saue your King and country from decay:
Then strike vp Drum, and all the Starres that make
The loathsome Circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the Gods,
And scornes the Powers that gouerne Persea.

Enter to the Battell, & after the battell, enter Cosroe wounded, Theridamas, tamburlaine, Techelles, Vsumcasane, with others.

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to depriue me of my crowne and life.
Treacherous and faithles theridamas,

Euen at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royall throne,
To worke my downfall and vntimely end.
An vncouth paine torments my grieued soule,
And death arrests the organe of my voice.
Who entring at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sackes euery vaine and artier of my heart,
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlain.

tam. The thirst of raigne and sweetnes of a crown,
That caused the eldest sonne of heauenly Ops,
To thrust his doting father from his chaire,
And place himselfe in the Emperiall heauen,
Moou'd me to manage armes against thy state.
What better president than mightie Ioue?
Nature that fram'd vs of foure Elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach vs all to haue aspyring minds:
Our soules, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous Architecture of the world:
And measure euery wandring planets course.
Still climing after knowledge infinite,
And alwaies mouing as the restles Spheares.
Wils vs to weare our selues and neuer rest.
Vntill we reach the ripest fruit of all.
That perfect blisse and sole felicitie.
The sweet fruition of an earthly crowne.

Ther. And that made me to ioine with tamburlain
For he is grosse and like the massie earth,
That mooues not vpwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth meane to soare aboue the highest sort.

Tec. And that made vs the friends of Tamburlaine.
To lift our swords against the Persian King.

Vsum.

Vsum. For as when Ioue did thrust old Saturn down,
Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a Crowne.
So do we hope to raign in Asia,
If tamburlain be plac'd in Persea.

Cos. The strangest men that euer nature made,
I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodlesse body wareth chill and colde,
And with my blood my life slides through my wounde.
My soule begins to take her slight to hell.
And sommons all my sences to depart:
The heat and moisture which did feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both.
Is dyde and cold, and now dooth gastly death
With greedy tallents gripe my bleeding hart.
And like a Harpye tires on my life.
Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die,
And fearefull vengeance light vpon you both.

He takes the Crowne and puts it on.

tam. Not all the curses which the furies breathe,
Shall make me leaue so rich a prize as this:
Theridamas, techelles, and the rest,
Who thinke you now is king of Persea?

All. Tamburlaine, tamburlaine.

Tamb. Though Mars himselfe the angrie God of armes,
And all the earthly Potentates conspire,
To dispossesse me of this Diadem;
Yet will I weare it in despight of them,
As great commander of this Easterne world,
If you but say that tamburlaine shall raigne.

All. Long liue tamburlaine, and raigne in Asia.

tamb. So, now it is more surer on my head,
Than if the Gods had held a Parliament:
And all pronounst me king of Persea.

Finis Actus 2.

Actus. 3. Scæna. 1.

Baiazeth, the kings of Fesse, Moroco, and Argier, with others, in great pompe.

Baiazeth.

GReat Kings of Barbary, and my portly Vassoes,
We heare, the Tartars & the Easterne theeues
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your Emperour:
And thinks to rouse vs from our dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.
You know our Armie is inuincible:
As many circumcised Turkes we haue,
And warlike bands of Christians renied,
As hath the Ocean or the Terrene sea
Small drops of water, when the Moon begins
To ioine in one her semi-circled hornes:
Yet would we not be brau'd with forrain power,
Nor raise our siege before the Gretians yeeld.
Or breathles lie before the citie walles.

Fesse. Renowmed Emperour, and mighty Generall
What if you sent the Vassoes of your guard.
To charge him to remaine in Asia.
Or els to threaten death and deadly armes,
As from the mouth of mighty Baiazeth.

Bai. Hie thee my Vassoe fast to Persea,
Tell him thy Lord the Turkish Emperour,
Dread Lord of Affrike, Europe and Asia.

Great

Great King and conquerour of Grecia,
The Ocean, Terrene, and the cole-blacke sea,
The high and higest Monarke of the world.
Wils and commands (for say not I intreat)
Not once to set his foot in Affrica,
Or spread his collours in Grecia.
Least he incurre the furie of my wrath.
Tell him, I am content to take a truce,
Because I heare he beares a valiant mind.
But if presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage Armes with me,
Then stay thou with him, say I bid thee so.
And if before the Sun haue measured heauen
With triple circuit thou regreet vs not,
We meane to take his mornings next arise.
For messenger, he will not be reclaim'd,
And meane to fetch thee in despight of him.

Bass. Most great and puissant Monarke of the earth,
Your Bassoe will accomplish your behest:
And show your pleasure to the Persean.
As fits the Legate of the stately Turk. Exit Bass.

Arg. They say he is the King of Persea.
But if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
Twere requisite he should be ten times more,
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

Bai. True (Argier) and tremble at my lookes.

Moro. The spring is hindred by your smothering
For neither rain can fall vpon the earth, (host,
Nor Sun reflere his vertuous beames thereon,
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

Bai. All this is true as holy Mahomet,
And all the trees are blasted with our breathes.

Fesl. What thinks your greatnes best to be atchieu'd
In pursuit of the Cities ouerthrow':
Bai. I wil the captiue Pioners of Argier,
Cut of the water, that by leaden pipes
Runs to the citie from the mountain Carnon,
Two thousand horse shall forrage vp and downe,
That no relefe or succour come by Land.
And all the sea my Gallies countermaund.
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their Cannons mouth'd like Orcus gulfe
Batter the walles, and we will enter in:
And thus the Grecians shall be conquered. Exeunt

Actus. 3. Scæna. 2.

Agidas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with others.

MAdam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these inquiet fits:
That worke such trouble to your woonted rest:
Tis more then pitty such a heauenly face
Should by hearts sorrow wax so wan and pale.
When your offensiue rape by tamburlaine,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)
Hath seem'd to be digested long agoe.
Zen. Although it be digested long agoe
As his exceding fauours haue deseru'd,
And might content the Queene of heauen as well:
As it hath chang'd my first conceiu'd disdaine.
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts,
With ceaseless and distorsolate conceits.

Which

Which dies my lookes so liueleſſe as they are.
And might, if my extreams had full euents,
Make me the gaſtly counterfeit of death.
Agid. Eternall heauen sooner be diſſolu'd.
And all that pierceth Phœbes ſiluer eie,
Before ſuch hap fall to zenocrate.
Zen. Ah, life, and ſoule ſtill houer in his Breaſt.
And leaue my body ſenceleſſe as the earth.
Or els vnite you to his life and ſoule,
That I may liue and die with tamburlaine.

Enter Tamburlaine with Techelles and others.

Agid. With tamburlaine? Ah faire zenocrate,
Let not a man ſo vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in deſpight,
And keeps you from the honors of a Queene.
Being ſuppoſde his worthleſſe Concubine.
Be honored with your loue, but for neceſſity.
So now the mighty Souldan heares of you,
Your Highneſſe needs not doubt but in ſhort time,
He will with Tamburlaines deſtruction
Redeeme you from this deadly ſeruitude.
Zen. leaue to wound me with theſe words.
And ſpeake of tamburlaine as he deſerues:
The entertainment we haue had of him,
Is far from villanie or ſeruitude.
And might in noble minds be counted princely.
Agid. How can you fancie one that looks ſo fierce,
Onelie diſpoſed to martiall Stratagems:
Who when he ſhall embrace you in his armes,
Will tell how many thouſand men he ſlew.

And when you looke for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood.
Too harsh a subiect for your dainty eares.
Zen. As looks the sun through Nilus flowing stream,
Or when the morning holds him in her armes.
So lookes my Lordly loue, faire tamburlaine:
His talke much sweeter than the Muses song,
They sung for honor gainst Pierides.
Or when Minerua did with Neptune striue,
And higher would I reare my estimate,
Than Iuno sister to the highest God.
If I were matcht with mightie tamburlaine.
Agid. Yet be not so inconstant in your loue,
But let the yong Arabian liue in hope,
After your rescue to eioy his choise.
You see though first the King of Persea
(Being a Shepheard) seem'd to loue you much,
Now in his maiesty he leaues those lookes,
Those words of fauour, and those comfortings,
And giues no more than common courtesies.
Zen. Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,
Fearing his loue through my vnworthynesse.

Tamburlaine goes to her, & takes her away louingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agidas, and sayes nothing.

Agid. Betraide by fortune and suspitious loue.
Threatned with frowning wrath and iealousie.
Surpriz'd with feare of hideous reuenge.
I stand agast: but most astonied
To see his choller shut in secrete thoughtes,
And wrapt in silence of his angry soule.

Upon

Vpon his browes was pourtraid vgly death,
And in his eies the furie of his hart.
That shine as Comets, menacing reuenge,
And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the Sea-man sees the Hyades
Gather an armye of Cemerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with winged Steads
All sweating, tilt about the watery heauens,
With shiuering speares enforcing thunderclaps.
And from their shieldes strike flames of lightening)
All fearefull foldes his sailes, and sounds the maine,
Lifting his prayers to the heauens for aid,
Against the terrour of the winds and waues.
So fares Agydas for the late felt frownes
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughtes,
And makes my soule deuine her ouerthrow.

Enter Techelles with a naked dagger.

tech. See you Agidas how the King salutes you.
He bids you prophesie what it imports. Exit.

Agid. I prophecied before and now I proue,
The killing frownes of iealousie and loue.
He needed not with words confirme my feare,
For words are vaine where working tooles present
The naked action of my threatned end.
It saies, Agydas, thou shalt surely die.
And of extremities elect the least,
More honor and lesse paine it may procure,
To dy by this resolued hand of thine,
Than stay the torments he and heauen haue sworne.
Then haste Agydas, and preuent the plagues:
Which thy prolonged Fates may draw on thee:
Go wander free from feare of Tyrants rage.

Remoo-

Remooued from the Torments and the hell:
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soule.
And let Agidas by Agidas die.
And with this stab slumber eternally.
tech. Vsumeasane, see how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my Lord the King.
Vsum. Faith, and techelles, it was manly done:
And since he was so wise and honorable,
Let vs afford him now the bearing hence.
And crave his triple worthy buriall.
tech. Agreed Casane, we will honor him.

Act. 3. Scæna. 3.

Tamburlain, Techelles, Vsumeasane, Theridamas, Bassoe, Zenocrate, with others.

Tamburlaine.

BAssoe, by this thy Lord and maister knowes,
I meane to meet him in Bithynia:
see how he comes: Tush. Turkes are full of brags
And menace more than they can wel performe:
He meet me in the field and fetch thee hence:
Alas (poore Turke) his fortune is to weake,
T'incounter with the strength of Tamburlaine.
View well my Camp, and speake indifferently,
Doo not my captaines and my souldiers looke
As if they meant to conquer Affrica.

Bass. Your men are valiant but their number few,
And cannot terrefie his mightie hoste,
My Lord, the great Commander of the worlde,
Besides fifteene contributorie kings,
Hath now in armes ten thousand Janisaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian Steeds.

Brought

Brought to the war by men of Tripoly.
Two hundred thousand footmen that haue seru'd
In two set battels fought in Grecia:
And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good, can from his garrisons,
Withdraw as many more to follow him.
tech. The more he brings, the greater is the spoile,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We meane to seate our footmen on their Steeds,
And rifle all those stately Janisars.
tam. But wil those Kings accompany your Lord:
Bass. Such as his Highnesse please, but some must stay
To rule the prouinces he late subdude.
tam. Thē fight courageously, their crowns are yours
This hand shal set them on your conquering heads:
That made me Emperour of Asia.
Vsum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Vnpeopling Westerne Affrica and Greece:
Yet we assure vs of the victorie.
ther. Euen he that in a trice vanquisht two kings,
More mighty than the Turkish Emperour:
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered armie til they yeeld or die.
tamb. Wel said theridamas, speake in that mood,
For Wil and Shall best fitteth Tamburlain,
Whose smiling stars giues him assured hope
Of martiall triumph, ere he meete his foes:
I that am tearm'd the Scourge and Wrath of God,
The onely feare and terrour of the world,
Wil first subdue the Turke, and then inlarge
Those Christian Captiues, which you keep as slaues,
Burdening their bodies with your heauie chaines.

And

And feeding them with thin and slender fare,
That naked rowe about the Terrene sea.
And when they chance to breath and rest a space,
Are punisht with Bastones so grieuously,
That they lie panting on the Gallies side.
And striue for life at euery stroke they giue,
These are the cruell pirates of Argeire,
That damned traine, the scum of Affrica.
Inhabited with stragling Rumagates,
That make quick hauock of the Christian blood.
But as I liue that towne shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Affrica:

Enter Baiazeth with his Bassoes and contributorie Kinges.

Bai. Bassoes and Ianisaries of my Guard,
Attend vpon the person of your Lord,
The greatest Potentate of Affrica.
Tam. Techelles, and the rest prepare your swordes
I meane t'incounter with that Baiazeth.
Bai. Kings of Fesse, Moroccus and Argier,
He cals me Baiazeth, whom you call Lord.
Note the presumption of this Scythian slaue:
I tell thee villaine, those that lead my horse
Haue to their names tytles of dignity,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Baiazeth?
Tam. And know thou Turke, that those which lead my horse,
Shall lead thee Captiue thorow Affrica.
And dar'st thou bluntly call me tamburlaine?
Bai. By Mahomet, my Kinsmans sepulcher.

And by the holy Alcaron I sweare,
He shall be made a chast and lustlesse Eunuke,
And in my Sarell tend my Concubines:
And all his Captaines that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my Emperesse.
Whom I haue brought to see their ouerthrow.
Tamb. By this my sword that conquer'd Persea,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world:
I will not tell thee how Ile handle thee,
But euery common souldier of my Camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.
Fess. What meanes the mighty Turkish Emperor
To talk with one so base as tamburlaine.
Moro. Ye Moores and valiant men of Barbary.
How can ye suffer these indignities.
Arg. Leaue words and let them feele your lances
(pointes.
Which glided through the bowels of the Greekes.
Bai. Wel said my stout contributory kings,
Your threefold armie and my hugie hoste,
Shall swallow vp these base borne Perseans,
tech. Puissant, renowmed and mighty tamburlain,
Why stay we thus prolonging all their liues:
ther. I long to see those crownes won by our swords
That we may raigne as kings of Affrica.
Vsum. What Coward wold not fight for such a prize:
Tamb. Fight all couragiously and be you kings,
I speake it, and my words are oracles.
Bai. Zabina, mother of three brauer boies,
Than Hercules, that in his infancie
Did pash the iawes of Serpents venomous:
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike Lance.

Their

Their shoulders broad, for complet armour fit,
Their limbs more large and of a bigger size
Than all the brats sprong from Typhons loins:
Who, when they come vnto their fathers age,
Will batter Turrets with their manly fists.
Sit here vpon this royal chaire of state,
And on thy head weare my Emperiall crowne,
Vntill I bring this sturdy tamburlain,
And all his Captains bound in captiue chaines.
Zab. Such good successe happen to Baiazeth.
Tam. Zenocrate, the loueliest Maide aliue,
Fairer than rockes of pearle and pretious stone,
The onely Paragon of tamburlaine,
Whose eies are brighter than the Lamps of heauen.
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony:
That with thy lookes canst cleare the darkened Sky:
And calme the rage of thundring Iupiter:
Sit downe by her: adorned with my Crowne,
As if thou wert the Empresse of the world.
Stir not Zenocrate vntill thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing ouer him and these his kings.
Which I will bring as Vassals to thy feete.
Til then take thou my crowne, vaunt of my worth,
And manage words with her as we will armes.
Zen. And may my Loue, the king of Persea
Returne with victorie, and free from wound.
Bai. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish armes,
Which lately made all Europe quake for feare:
I haue of Turkes, Arabians, Moores and Iewes
Enough to couer all Bythinia,
Let thousands die, their slaughtered Carkasses

Shall

Shal serue for walles and bulwarkes to the rest:
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power
Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before:
If they should yeeld their necks vnto the sword,
Thy souldiers armes could not endure to strike
So many blowes as I haue heads for thee.
Thou knowest not (foolish hardy Tamburlaine)
What tis to meet me in the open field,
That leaue no ground for thee to march vpon.
Tam. Our conquering swords shall marshal vs the (way
We vse to march vpon the slaughtered foe:
Trampling their bowels with our horses hooffes:
Braue horses, bred on the white Tartarian hils:
My Campe is like to Iulius Cæsars Hoste,
That neuer fought but had the victorie:
Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war,
As these my followers willingly would haue:
Legions of Spirits fleeting in the aire,
Direct our Bullets and our weapons pointes
And make our strokes to wound the senceless lure,
And when she sees our bloody Collours spread.
Then Victorie begins to take her flight,
Resting her selfe vpon my milk-white Tent:
But come my Lords, to weapons let vs fall.
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife and all.
Exit, with his followers.
Bai. Come Kings and Vassoes let vs glut our swords
That thirst to drinke the feble Persians blood.
Exit, with his followers.
Zab. Base Concubine, must thou be plac'd by me
That am the Empresse of the mighty Turke?
Zen. Disdainful Turkelle and vnreuerend Bosse,

Cal'd

Call'st thou me Concubine that am betroath'd
Unto the great and mighty tamburlaine?
Zab. To tamburlaine the great Tartarian thiefe?
Zen. Thou wilt repent these lauish words of thine,
When thy great Bassoe, maister and thy selfe.
Must plead for mercie at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your Aduocates.
Zab. And sue to thee? I tell thee shamelesse girle,
Thou shalt be Landresse to my waiting maid.
How lik'st thou her Ebea, will she serue?
Ebea. Madame, she thinks perhaps she is too fine.
But I shall turne her into other weedes,
And make her daintie fingers fall to worke.
Zen. hearst thou Anippe, how thy drudge doth talk,
And how my slaue, her mistresse menaceth.
Both for their sawcinesse shall be employed,
To dresse the common souldiers meat and drink.
For we will scorne they should come nere our selues.
Anip. Yet sometimes let your highnesse send for thē
To do the work my chamber maid disdaines.
They sound the battell within, and stay
Zen. Ye Gods and powers that gouerne Persea.
And made my lordly Loue her worthy King:
Now strengthen him against the Turkish Baiazeth,
And let his foes like flockes of fearfull Roes,
Pursude by hunters, flie his angrie lookes,
That I may see him issue Conquerour.
Zab. Now Mahomet, solicit God himselfe,
And make him raine down murthering shot frō heauen
To dash the Scythians braines, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage armes with him,
That offered iewels to thy sacred shrine.

When

When firſt he war'd againſt the Chriſtians.
To the battell againe.
Zen. By this the Turks lie weltring in their blood
And tamburlaine is Lord of Affrica: (ſound,
Zab. Thou art deceiu'd, I heard the Trumpets
As when my Emperour ouerthrew the Greeks:
And led them Captiue into Affrica.
Straight will I vſe thee as thy pride deſerues:
Prepare thy ſelfe to liue and die my ſlaue.
Zen. If Mahomet ſhould come from heauen and
My royall Lord is ſlaine or conquered. (ſweare,
Yet ſhould he not perſwade me otherwiſe.
But that he liues and will be Conquerour.
Baiazeth flies, and he purſues him.
The battell ſhort, and they enter,
Baiazeth is ouercome.
Tam. Now king of Baſſoes, who is Conqueror:
Bai. Thou, by the fortune of this damned ſoile,
Tam. Where are your ſtout contributorie kings:

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vſumeaſane.

Tech. We haue their crownes their bodies ſtrowe (the fielde.
Tam. Each man a crown: why kingly fought ifaith
Deliuer them into my treaſurie.
Zen. Now let me offer to my gracious Lord.
His royall Crowne againe, ſo highly won:
tam. May take the Turkiſh Crown from her, zen.
And crowne me Emperour of Affrica.
Zab. No tamburlain, though now thou gat the beſt
Thou ſhalt not yet be Lord of Affrica.

ther. Giue her the Crowne Turkelle you wer best.
He takes it from her, and giues it Zenocrate,
zab. Iniurious villaines, thieues, runnagates,
How dare you thus abuse my Maiesty:
ther. Here Madam, you are Empresse, she is none.
tam. Not now Theridamas, her time is past:
The pillers that haue bolstered vp those tearmes,
Are faine in clusters at my conquering feet.
zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed.
tamb. Not all the world shall ransom Baiazeth.
Bai. Ah faire zabina, we haue lost the field.
And neuer had the Turkish Emperour
So great a foile by any forraine foe.
Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,
Ringing with ioy their superstitious belles:
And making bonfires for my ouerthrow.
But ere I die those foule Idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones,
For though the glorie of this day be lost.
Affrik and Greece haue garrisons enough
To make me Soueraigne of the earth againe.
Tam. Those walled garrisons will I subdue,
And write my selfe great Lord of Affrica:
So from the East vnto the furthest West,
Shall tamburlain extend his puissant arme.
The Galles and those pilling Brigandines,
That yeerely saile to the Venetian gulfe,
And houer in the straightes for Christians wracke,
Shall lie at anchor in the Isle Asant.
Until the Persean Fleete and men of war,
Sailing along the Oriental sea,
Haue fetcht about the Indian continent:

Euen

Euen from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence vnto the straightes of Iubalter:
Where they shall meete, and ioine their force in one,
Keeping in aw the Bay of Portingale.
And all the Ocean by the Britith shore:
And by this meanes Ile win the world at last.
Bai. Yet set a ransome on me tamburlaine.
Tam. What, thinkst thou tamburlain esteems thy (gold,
Ile make the kings of India ere I die,
Offer their mines (to sew for peace) to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath:
Come bind them both and one lead in the Turke.
The Turkesse let my Loues maid lead away.
They bind them.
Bai. Ah villaines, dare ye touch my sacred armes,
O Mahomet, O sleepie Mahomet.
zab. O cursed Mahomet that makest vs thus
The slaues to Scythians rude and barbarous.
Tam. Come bring them in, & for this happy cõquest
Triumph, and solemnize a martiall feast.
Exeunt. Finis Actus tertii.

Actus. 4. Scæna. 1.

Souldan of Egipt with three or four Lords, Capolin Souldan.

AWake ye men of Memphis, heare the clange
Of Scythian trumpets, heare the Basilisckes,
That roaring, shake Damascus turrets downe.
The rogue of Volga holds zenocrate,
The Souldans daughter for his Concubine,
And with a troope of theeues and vagabondes,

Hath spread his collours to our high disgrace:
While you faint-hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowzie bankes of Nile,
As Crocodiles that vnaffrighted rest,
While thundring Cannons rattle on their Skins.
Mess. Nay (mightie Souldan) did your greatnes see
The frowning lookes of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terrour and imperious eies,
Commandes the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royall maiesty.
Soul. Villain, I tell thee, were that tamburlaine,
As monstrous as Gorgon, prince of Hell,
The Souldane would not start a foot from him.
But speake, what power hath he?
Mess. Mightie Lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armeur clad,
Upon their prancing Steeds, disdainfully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground.
Fiue hundred thousand footmen threatning shot,
Shaking their swords, their speares and yron bils,
Enuironing their Standard round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood.
Their warlike Engins and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.
Soul. Nay could their numbers counteruail the stars
Or euer drilling drops of Aprill showers,
Or withered leaues that Autume shaketh downe.
Yet would the Souldane by his conquering power:
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man should liue to rue their fall,
Cap. So might your highnesse, had you time to sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royall hoste.

But

But tamburlaine, by expedition
Aduantage takes of your vnreadinesse.
Soul. Let him take all th'aduantages he can,
Were all the world conspird to fight for him,
Nay, were he Deuill, as he is no man,
Yet in reuenge of faire Zenocrate,
Whom he detaineth in despight of vs,
This arme should send him downe to Erebus.
To shroud his shame in darknes of the night.
Mess. Pleaseth your mightinesse to vnderstand,
His resolution far exceedeth all:
The first day when he pitcheth downe his tentes,
White is their hew, and on his siluer crest
A snowy Feather spangled white he beares,
To signify the mildnesse of his minde.
That satiate with spoile refuseth blood:
But when Aurora mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture,
Then must his kindled wrath bee quencht with blood.
Not sparing any that can manage armes:
But if these threats moue not submission.
Black are his collours, blacke Pauilion,
His speare, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And Ietty Feathers menace death and hell,
Without respect of Sex, degree or age.
He raceth all his foes with fire and sword.
Soul. Pezelesse villaine, Peasant ignorant,
Of lawfull armes, or martiall discipline:
Pillage and murder are his vsuall trades.
The slaue vsurps the glorious name of war,
See Capolin the faire Arabian king,
That hath bene disapointed by this slaue:

Of my faire daughter, and his princely Loue:
May haue fresh warning to go war with vs,
And be reueng'd for her disparagement.

Actus. 4. Scæna. 2.

Tamburlain, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane, Zenocrate, Anippe, two Moores drawing Baiazeth in his cage, and his wife following him.

Tamb.

BRing out my foot-stoole.

They take him out of the cage.

Bai. Ye holy Priests of heauenly Mahomet,
That sacrificing slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his Altars with your purple blood:
Make heauen to frowne and euery fired starre
To sucke vp poison from the inward Fens,
And poure it in this glorious Tyrants throat.

tam. The chiefest God first mouer of that Spheare,
Enchac'd with thousands euer shining lamps,
Will sooner burne the glorious frame of Heauen.
Then it should so conspire my ouerthrow.
But Villaine, thou that wishest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the lowe disdainefull earth.
And be the foot-stoole of great Tamburlain,
That I may rise into my royall throne.

Bai. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,
Before I yeeld to such a slauery.

tamb. Base villain, vassall, slaue to Tamburlaine:
Unworthy to imbrace or touch the ground.
That bearest the honor of my royall waight.

Stoop

Stoop villaine, stoope, stoope for so he bids,
That may command thee peecemeale to be torne,
Or scattered like the lofty Cedar trees,
Stroke with the voice of thundring Iupiter.
Bai. Then as I look downe to the damned Feends.
Feends looke on me, and thou dread God of hell.
With Eban Scepter strike this hatefull earth,
And make it swallow both of vs at once.

He gets vp vpon him to his chaire.

Tamb. Now cleare the triple region of the aire,
And let the maiestie of heauen beholde
Their Scourge and Terrour treade on Emperours.
Smile Stars that raign'd at my nativity:
And dim the brightnesse of their neighbor Lamps,
Disdaine to borrow light of Cynthia,
For I the chiefest Lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the East with milde aspect,
But fixed now in the Meridian line,
Will send vp fire to your turning Spheares,
And cause the Sun to borrowe light of you.
My sword stroke fire from his coat of steele,
Euen in Bythinia, when I took this Turke:
As when a fiery exhalation
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloude,
Fighting for passage, make the Welkin cracke,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth.
But ere I march to wealthy Persea,
Or leaue Damascus and th'Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymeus brain-sicke sonne,
That almost brent the Axeltree of heauen,

So shall our swords, our lances and our shot.
Fill all the aire with fiery meteors.
Then when the Sky shal ware as red as blood,
It shall be said, I made it red my selfe,
To make me think of nought but blood and war.
Zab. Unworthy king, that by thy crueltie,
Unlawfully usurpest the Persian seat:
Dar'st thou that neuer saw an Emperour,
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy Captiue, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a Cage,
That roofles of golde, and sun-bright Pallaces,
Should haue prepar'd to entertaine his Grace:
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of Affrica haue kist.
Techel. You must deuise some tormět worse, my Lord
To make these captiues reine their lauish tongues.
Tam. Zenocrate, looke better to your slaue:
Zen. She is my Handmaids slaue, and she shal looke
That these abuses flow not from her tongue:
Chide her Anippe.
Anip. Let these be warnings for you then my slaue,
How you abuse the person of the king:
Or els I sweare to haue you whipt stark nak'd.
Bai. Great tamburlaine, great in my ouerthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low.
For treading on the back of Baiazeth,
That should be horsed on fower mightie kings.
Tam. Thy names and tytles, and thy dignities
Are fled from Baiazeth, and remaine with me,
That will maintaine it against a world of Kings.
Put him in againe.

Bai.

Bai. Is this a place for mighty Baiazeth?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus.
tam. There whiles he liues, shal Baiezeth be kept,
And where I goe be thus in triumph drawne:
And thou his wife shalt feed him with the scraps
My seruitures shall bring the from my booty.
For he that giues him other food than this:
Shall sit by him and starue to death himselfe.
This is my minde, and I will haue it so.
Not all the Kings and Emperours of the Earth:
If they would lay their crownes before my feet,
Shall ransome him, or take him from his cage.
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlain,
Euen from this day to Platoes wondrous yeare,
Shall talke how I haue handled Baiazeth.
These Mores that drew him from Bythinia,
To faire Damascus, where we now remaine,
Shall lead him with vs whereseere we goe.
Techelles, and my louing followers,
Now may we see Damascus lofty towers,
Like to the shadowes of Pyramides,
That with their beauties grac'd the Memphion fields:
The golden stature of their feathered bird
That spreads her wings vpon the citie wals,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot.
The townes-men maske in silke and cloath of gold.
And euery house is as a treasurie.
The men, the treasure, and the towne is ours.
Ther. Your tentes of white now pitch'd before the (gates
And gentle flags of amitie displaid.
I doubt not but the Gouernour will yeeld,
Offering Damascus to your Maiesty.

tamb.

Tam. So shall he haue his life, and all the rest.
But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once aduanc'd on my vermilion Tent,
He dies, and those that kept vs out so long.
And when they see me march in black aray,
With mournfull streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that citie all the world contain'd.
Not one should scape: but perish by our swords.
Zen. Yet would you haue some pitie for my sake,
Because it is my countries, and my Fathers.
Tam. Not for the world Zenocrate, if I haue sworn
Come bring in the Turke. Exeunt.

Act. 4. Scæna. 3.

Souldane, Arabia, Capoline, with steaming colors and Souldiers.

Souldan.

METhinks we march as Meliager did,
Enuironed with braue Argolian knightes:
To chace the sauage Caldonian Boare,
Or Cephalus with lustie Thebane youths.
Against the Woolfe that angrie Themis sent.
To waste and spoile the sweet Aonian fieldes.
A monster of fiue hundred thousand heades,
Compact of Rapine, Pyracie, and spoile.
The Scum of men, the hate and Scourge of God,
Raues in Egyptia, and annoyeth vs.
My Lord it is the bloody Tamburlaine.
A sturdy Felon and a base-bred Thiefe.
By murder raised to the Persean Crowne.
That dares controll vs in our Territories.

To tame the pride of this presumptuous Beast,
Joine your Arabians with the Souldans power:
Let vs vnite our royall bandes in one,
And hasten to remooue Damascus siege.
It is a blemish to the Maiestie
And high estate of mightie Emperours,
That such a base vsurping vagabond
Should braue a king, or weare a princely crowne.
Ara. Renowmed Souldane, haue ye lately heard
The ouerthrow of mightie Baiazeth,
About the confines of Bythinia?
The slauerie wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turke and his great Empresse.
Soul. I haue, and sorrow for his bad successe:
But noble Lord of great Arabia,
Be so perswaded, that the Souldan is
No more dismaide with tidings of his fall,
Than in the hauen when the Pilot stands
And viewes a strangers ship rent in the winds,
And shiuered against a craggie rocke,
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,
A sacred vow to heauen and him I make,
Confirming it with this holy name,
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the howre,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong.
Vnto the hallowed person of a prince,
Or kept the faire Zenocrate so long.
As Concubine, I feare to feed his lust.
Ara. Let griefe and furie hasten on reuenge,
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feele
Such plagues as heauen and we can poure on him.
I long to breake my speare vpon his crest,

An

And proue the waight of his victorious arme:
For Fame I feare hath bene too prodigall:
In sounding through the world his partiall praise:
Soul. Capolin, hast thou surueid our powers.
Cap. Great Emperours of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hostes united is,
A hundred and fifty thousand horse,
Two hundred thousand foot, braue men at armes,
Couragious and full of hardinesse:
As frolike as the hunters in the chace:
Of sauage beastes amid the desart woods.
Arab. My mind presageth fortunate successe,
And tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The vtter ruine of thy men and thee.
Soul. Then reare your standardes, let your sounding Drummes
Direct our Souldiers to Damascus walles.
Now Tamburlaine, the mightie Souldane comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian King.
To dim thy baseneſſe and obscurity.
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoile,
To race and scatter thy inglorious crue,
Of Scythians and slauish Persians. Exeunt.

Actus: 4. Scæna 5.

The Banquet, and to it commeth Tamburlain al in scarlet, Theridamas. Techelles, Vsumcasane, the Turke, with others.

Tamb.

NOw hang our bloody collours by Damascus,
Reflecting hewes of blood vpon their heads.

While

While they walke quiuering on their citie walles,
Halfe dead for feare before they feele my wrath:
Then let vs freely banquet and carouse
Full bowles of wine vnto the God of war,
That meanes to fill your helmets full of golde
And make Damascus spoiles as rich to you,
As was to Iason Colchos golden fleece.
And now Baiazeth, hast thou any stomacke?

Bai. I, such a stomacke (cruel tamburlane) as I
Willingly feed vpon thy blood-raw hart. (could

tam. Nay, thine owne is easier to come by, plucke
(out that,
And twil serue thee and thy wife: Wel zenocrate,
techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.

Bai. Fall to, and neuer may your meat digest,
Ye Furies that can make inuisible,
Diue to the bottome of Auernas poole,
And in your hands bring hellish poison vp.
And squease it in the cup of tamburlain.
Or winged snakes of Lerna cast your stings,
And leaue your venoms in this Tyrants dish.

zab. And may this banquet prooue as omenous,
As Progne to th'adulterous Thracian King.
That fed vpon the substance of his child.

zen. My Lord, how can you suffer these outragious
By these slaues of yours? (curses

tam. To let them see (diuine zenocrate)
I glorie in the curses of my foes.
Hauing the power frō the Emperiall heauen,
To turne them al vpon their proper heades.

tech. I pray you giue them leaue Madam, this
speech is a goodly refreshing to them.

ther.

Ther. But if his highnesse would let them be fed, it would doe them more good.

tam. Sirra, why fall you not too, are you so daintily brought vp, you cannot eat your owne flesh?

Bai. First legions of deuils shall teare thee in peeces.

Vsum. Villain, knowest thou to whom thou speakest

tam. O let him alone: here, eat sir, take it from my swords point, or Ile thrust it to thy heart.

He takes it and stamps vpon it.

ther. He stamps it vnder his feet my Lord.

tam. Take it vp Villaine and eat it, or I will make thee slice the brawnes of thy armes into carbonadoes, and eat them.

vsu. May, twere better he kild his wife, & then she shall be sure not to be staru'd, & he be prouided for a moneths victuall before hand.

tam. Here is my dagger, dispatch her while she is fat, for if she liue but a while longer, shee will fall into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not bee worth the eating.

ther. Dost thou think that Mahomet will suffer this

tech. Tis like he will, when he cannot let it.

tam. Go to, fal to your meat: what not a bit? belike he hath not bene watered to day, giue him some drinke.

They giue him water to drinke, and he flings it on the ground.

Fast and welcome sir, while hunger make you eat.
How now Zenocrate, dooth not the Turke and his wife make a goodly showe at a banquet?

Zen. Yes, my Lord.

ther. He thinks, tis a great deale better than a consort of musicke.

tam. Yet muſicke woulde doe well to cheare vp zenocrate: pray thee tel, why art thou ſo ſad? If thou wilt haue a long, the Turke ſhall ſtraine his voice: but why is it?

Zen. My lord, to ſee my fathers towne beſeg'd,
The countrie waſted where my ſelfe was borne,
How can it but afflict my verie ſoule?
If any loue remaine in you my Lord,
Or if my loue vnto your maiеſty
May merit fauour at your highneſſe handes,
Then raiſe your ſiege from faire Damaſcus walles,
And with my father take a friendly truce.

tamb. Zenocrate, were Egypt Ioues owne land,
Yet would I with my ſword make Ioue to ſtoupe,
I will confute thoſe blind Geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding Regions which I meane to trace,
And with this pen reduce them to a Map.
Calling the Prouinces, Citties and townes
After my name and thine zenocrate:
Here at Damaſcus will I make the Point
That ſhall begin the Perpendicular.
And wouldſt thou haue me buy thy Fathers loue
With ſuch a loſſe? Tell me zenocrate?

Zen. Honor ſtill waight on happy tamburlaine:
Yet giue me leaue to plead for him my Lord.

Tam. Content thy ſelfe, his perſon ſhall be ſafe,
And all the friendes of faire Zenocrate,
If with their liues they will be pleaſde to yeeld,
Or may be forc'd to make me Emperour.
For Egypt and Arabia muſt be mine.

Feede

feed you liue, thou maist thinke thy selfe happie to be fed from my trencher.

Bai. My empty stomacke ful of idle heat,
Drawes bloody humours from my feeble partes,
Preseruing life, by hasting cruell death.
My vaines are pale, my sinowes hard and drie,
My iointes benumb'd, vnlesse I eat, I die.

Zab. Eat Baiazeth, Let vs liue in spite of them,
Looking some happie power will pitie and inlarge vs.

tam. Here Turk, wilt thou haue a cleane trencher?

Bai. I Tyrant, and more meat.

tam. Soft sir, you must be dieted, too much eating will make you surfeit.

ther. So it would my lord, specially hauing so small a walke, and so little exercise.

Enter a second course of Crownes.

tam. Theridamas, techelles and Casane, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

ther. I (my Lord) but none saue kinges must feede with these.

tech. Tis enough for vs to see them, and for tamburlaine onely to enioy them.

tam. Wel, Here is now to the Soudane of Egypt the King of Arabia, and the Gouernour of Damascus. Now take these three crownes, and pledge me, my contributorie Kings.

I crowne you here (Theridamas) King of Argier: Techelles King of Fesse, and Vsumcasane King of Morocus. How say you to this (Turke) these are not your contributorie kings.

Bal.

Bai. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them-
tam. Kings of Argier, Morocus, and of Fesse.
You that haue marcht with happy Tamburlaine,
As far as from the frozen place of heauen.
Unto the watry mornings ruddy bower.
And thence by land vnto the Torrid Zone,
Deserue these tytles I endow you with.
By value and by magnanimity.
Your byrthes shall be no blemish to your fame.
For vertue is the fount whence honor springs.
And they are worthy she inuesteth kings.
ther. And since your highnesse hath so well vouchsaft,
If we deserue them not with higher meeds
Then erst our states and actions haue retain'd,
Take them away againe and make vs slaues.
Tam. Wel said Theridamas, when holy Fates
Shall stablish me in strong Egyptia.
We meane to traueile to th'Antatique Pole,
Conquering the people vnderneath our feet.
And be renown'd, as neuer Emperours were.
Zenocrate, I will not crowne thee yet,
Until with greater honors I be grac'd.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus 5. Scæna. 1.

The Gouernour of Damasco, with three or foure Citizens, and foure Virgins with branches of Laurell in their hands.

Gouer. nour.
Still doth this man or rather God of war,
Batter our walles, and beat our Turrets downe?

And to resist with longer stubbornesse,
Or hope of relcue from the Souldans power,
Were but to bring our wilfull ouerthrow,
And make vs desperate of our threatned liues:
We see his tents haue now bene altered,
With terrours to the last and cruelst hew:
His cole-blacke collours euery where aduaunst,
Threaten our citie with a generall spoile:
And if we should with common rites of Armes,
Offer our safeties to his clemencie,
I feare the custome proper to his sword,
Which he obserues as parcell of his fame:
Intending so to terrifie the world,
By any innouation or remorse,
Will neuer be dispenc'd with til our deaths,
Therfore, for these our harmlesse virgines sakes,
Whose honors and whose liues relie on him:
Let vs haue hope that their vnspotted prayers
Their blubbered cheekes and hartie humble mones
Will melt his furie into some remorse:
And vse vs like a louing Conquerour.

Virg. If humble suites or imprecations,
(vttered with teares of wretchednesse and blood,
Shead from the heads and hearts of all our Sex.
Some made your wiues, and some your children)
Might haue intreated your obdurate breasts.
To entertaine some care of our securities.
Whiles only danger beat vpon our walles,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death
Had neuer bene erected as they bee,
Nor you depend on such weake helps as we
Go, Wel, lonely Virgins, think our countries care

Our

Our loue of honor loth to be enthral'd
To forraine powers, and rough imperious yokes:
Would not with too much cowardize or feare,
Before all hope of rescue were denied,
Submit your selues and vs to seruitude.
Therefore in that your safeties and our owne
Your honors, liberties and liues were weigh'd
In equall care and ballance with our owne,
Endure as we the malice of our stars.
The wrath of Tamburlain, and power of warres,
Or be the means the ouerweighing heauens
Haue kept to qualliſie theſe hot extreames.
And bring vs pardon in your chearfull lookes.

2. Virg. Then here before the maiesty of heauen,
And holy Patrones of Egyptia,
With knees and hearts submissiue we intreate,
Grace to our words and pitie to our lookes
That this deuise may proone propitious,
And through the eies and eares of tamburlaine,
Conuey euents of mercie to his heart:
Graunt that theſe signes of victorie we yeeld
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrowes of his browes,
And shadow his displeased countenance,
With happy looks of ruthe and lenity,
Leaue vs my Lord, and louing countrimen,
What simple Virgins may perswade, we will.

Go. Farewell (sweet Virgins) on whose safe return
Depends our citie, libertie, and liues. Exeunt.

Actus. 5. Scæna. 2.

Tamburlaine. Techelles Theridamas, Vsumeasan, with others: Tamburlaine all in blacke, and verie melancholy.

Tamb.

What, are the Turtles fraide out of their neastes:
Alas poore fooles, must you be first shal feele
The sworne destruction of Damascus.
They know my custome: could they not as well
Haue sent ye out, when first my milkwhite flags
Through which sweet mercie threw her gentle beams
Reflexing them on your disdainfull eies:
As now when furie and incensed hate
Flings slaughtering terrour from my coleblack tents.
And tels for trueth, submissions comes too late.

1. Virgin. Most happy King and Emperour of the (earth.
Image of Honor and Nobilitie.
For whome the Powers diuine haue made the world.
And on whose throne the holy Graces sit.
In whose sweete person is compriz'd the Sum
Of natures Skill and heauenly maiestie.
Pittie our plightes, O pitie poore Damascus:
Pitie olde age, within whose siluer haires
Honor and reuerence euermore haue raign'd.
Pitie the mariage bed, where many a Lord
In prime and glorie of his louing ioy.
Embraceth now with teares of ruth and blood,
The iealous bodie of his fearfull wife,
Whose cheekes and hearts so punisht with conceit,

To

To thinke thy puisant neuer staied arme
Will part their bodies,and preuent their soules
From heauens of comfort, yet their age might beare,
Now ware all pale and withered to the death,
As well for grieke our ruthlesse Gouernour
Haue thus refulde the mercie of thy hand,
(Whose scepter Angels kisse,and Furies dread)
As for their liberties,their loues or liues,
O then for these,and such as we our selues,
For vs, for infants,and for all our bloods,
That neuer nourisht thought against thy rule,
Pitie,O pitie,(sacred Emperour)
The prostrate seruice of this wretched towne.
And take in signe thereof this gilded wreath,
Whereto ech man of rule hath giuen his hand,
And wisht as worthy subiects happy meanes,
To be inuesters of thy royall browes,
Euen with the true Egyptian Diadem.
tam. Virgins, in vaine ye labour to preuent
That which mine honor sweares to be performde:
Behold my sword,what see you at the point:
Virg. Nothing but feare and fatall steele my Lord.
tam. Your fearfull minds are thicke and misties then
For there sits Death,there sits imperious Death.
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I'am pleasde you shall not see him there,
He now is seated on my horsmens speares:
And on their points his fleshlesse bodie feedes.
Techelles,straight goe charge a few of them
To chardge these Dames,and shew my seruant death:
Sitting in scarlet on their armed speares.
Omnes. O pitie vs.

tam. Away with them I say and shew them death.

They take them away.

I will not spare these proud Egyptians.
Nor change my Martiall obseruations,
For all the wealth of Gehons golden waues.
Or for the loue of Venus, would she leaue
The angrie God of Armes, and lie with me.
They haue refusde the offer of their liues,
And know my customes are as peremptory
As wrathfull Planets, death, or destinie.

Enter Techelles.

What, haue your horsmen shewen the virgins Death?

tech. They haue my Lord, and on Damascus walls
Haue hoisted vp their slaughtered carcases.

tam. A sight as banefull to their soules I think
As are Thessalian drugs or Mithradate.
But goe my Lords, put the rest to the sword. Exeunt.
Ah faire Zenocrate, diuine Zenocrate,
Faire is too foule an Epithite for thee,
That in thy passion for thy countries loue,
And feare to see thy kingly Fathers harme,
With haire dishcheweld wip'st thy watery cheeks:
And like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her siluer treshes in the aire.
Rain'st on the earth resolued pearle in showers,
And sprinklest Saphyrs on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses sits,
And commands volumes with her Ruory pen:
Taking instructions from thy flowing eies,
Eies when that Ebena steps to heauen.
In silence of thy solemn Euenings walk.
Making the mantle of the richest night.

The

The Moone, the Planets, and the Meteors light,
There Angels in their christal armours fight
A doubtfull battell with my tempted thoughtes,
For Egypts freedom and the Souldans life:
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrowes lay more siege vnto my soule,
Than all my Army to Damascus walles.
And neither Persians Soueraign, nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foile,
So much by much, as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty saith my sufferings then?
If all the pens that euer poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their maisters thoughts,
And euery sweetnes that inspir'd their harts,
Their minds, and muses on admyred theames:
If all the heauenly Quintessence they still
From their immortall flowers of Poesy,
Wherein as in a myrrour we perceiue
The highest reaches of a humaine wit.
If these had made one Poems period
And all combin'd in Beauties worthinesse,
Yet should ther houer in their restlesse heads,
One thought, one grace, one woonder at the least,
Which into words no vertue can digest:
But how vnseemly is it for my Sex
My discipline of armes and Chiualrie,
My nature and the terrour of my name.
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint:
Saue onely that inspiring Beauties iust applaust,
With whose instinct the soule of man is toucht.
And euery warriour that is rapt with loue,
Of fame, of valour, and of victory

Must needs haue beauty beat on his conceites,
I thus conceiuing and subduing both:
That which hath stopt the tempest of the Gods,
Euen from the fiery spangled vaile of heauen,
To feele the louely warmth of shepheards flames,
And march in cottages of strowed weeds,
Shal giue the world to note for all my byrth,
That Vertue solely is the sum of glorie,
And fashions men with true nobility.
Who's within there?
Enter two or three.
Hath Baiazeth bene fed to day?
An. I, my Lord.
tamb. Bring him forth, & let vs know if the towne be ransackt.

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasan & others.

tech The town is ours my Lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest, and of spoile is offered vs:
tam. Thats wel techelles, what's the newes?
tech. The Souldan and the Arabian king together
March on vs with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with vs.
tam. No more there is not I warrant thee techelles
They bring in the Turke.
ther. We know the victorie is ours my Lord,
But let vs saue the reuerend Souldans life,
For faire Zenocrate, that so laments his state.
tamb. That will we chiefly see vnto, theridamas.
For sweet zenocrate, whose worthinesse
Deserues a conquest ouer euery hart:

And now my footstoole, if I loose the field,
You hope of libertie and restitution:
Here let him stay my maysters from the tents,
Till we haue made vs ready for the field.
Pray for vs Baiazeth, we are going. Exeunt.

Bai. Go, neuer to returne with victorie:
Millions of men encompasse thee about.
And gore thy body with as many wounds,
Sharpe forked arrowes light vpon thy horse:
Furies from the blacke Cocitus lake,
Breake vp the earth, and with their firebrands,
Enforce thee run vpon the banefull pikes.
Volleyes of shot pierce through thy charmed Skin,
And euery bullet dipt in poisoned drugs,
Or roaring Cannons seuer all thy ioints.
Making thee mount as high as Eagles soare.

zab. Let all the swords and Lances in the field,
Stick in his breast, as in their proper roomes,
At euery pore let blood comme dropping forth.
That lingring paines may massacre his heart.
And madnesse send his damned soule to hell.

Bai. Ah faire zabina, we may curse his power,
The heauens may frowne, the earth for anger quake,
But such a Star hath influence in his sword,
As rules the Skies, and countermands the Gods.
More than Cymerian Stix or Dislinie:
And then shall we in this detested guyse,
With shame, with hungar, and with horror aie
Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughtes,
And haue no hope to end our extasies.

zab. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No Feend, no Fortune, nor no hope of end:

To

To our infamous monstrous slaueries:
Gape earth, and let the Feends infernall view,
As hell, as hopelesse and as full of feare
As are the blasted banks of Erebus:
Where shaking ghosts with euer howling groues,
Houer about the vgly Ferriman, to get a passage to E-
why should we liue, O wretches, beggars slaues (lista
Why liue we Baiazeth, and build vp nests,
So high within the region of the aire,
By liuing long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorne.
The former triumphes of our mightines,
In this obscure infernall seruitude:

Bai. O life more loathsome to my vexed thoughts,
Than noisome parbreak of the Stygian Snakes,
Which fils the nookes of Hell with standing aire,
Infecting all the Ghosts with cureless griefs:
O dreary Engines of my loathed sight,
That sees my crowne, my honor and my name,
Thrust vnder yoke and thraldom of a thiefe.
Why feed ye still on daies accursed beams,
And sink not quite into my torturd soule.
You see my wife, my Queene and Empresse,
Brought vp and propped by the hand of fame,
Queen of fifteene contributory Queens,
Now thrown to roomes of blacke abiection,
Smear'd with blots of basest drudgery:
And villanesse to shame, disdaine, and misery:
Accursed Baiazeth, whose words of ruth,
That would with pity chear Zabinas heart:
And make our soules resolue in ceasles teares,
Sharp hunger bites vpon and gripes the root:

Fraid

From whence the illues of my thoughts doe breathe,
O poore Zabina, O my Queen, my Queen,
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To coole and comfort me with longer date,
That in the shortned sequel of my life,
I may poure forth my soule into thine armes,
With words of loue: whose mroaning entercourse
Hath hether to bin staid, with wrath and hate
Of our ery elestic band inflictions:
Zab. Sweet Baiazeth, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or sparke of breath
Can quench or coole the torments of my griefe.
She goes out:
Bai. Now Baiazeth, abridge thy banefull daies,
And beat thy braines out of thy conquer'd head:
Since other meanes are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest Lamp of euerliuing Ioue,
Accursed day infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stained face in endles night,
And shut the windowes of the lightsome heauens,
Let vgly darknesse with her rusty coach
Engyrt with tempests wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with neuer fading mistes:
And let her horses from their nostrels breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadfull thunderclaps:
That in this terrour tamburlaine may liue.
And my pin'd soule resolu'd in liquid ay,
May styl exercise his tormented thoughts.
Then let the stony dart of senceless colde,
Pierce through the center of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life.
He brains himself against the cage. Zab

Enter Zabina.

Zab. What do mine eies behold, my husband dead?
His Skul al ruin in twain, his braines dasht out?
The braines of Baiazeth, my Lord and Soueraigne?
O Baiazeth, my husband and my Lord,
O Baiazet, O Turk, O Emperor, giue him his liquor
Not I, bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him
againe, teare me in peeces, giue me the sworde with a
ball of wildefire vpon it. Downe with him, downe with
him. Goe to my child, away, away, away. Ah, saue that
Infant, saue him, saue him. I, euen I speake to her, the
Sun was downe. Streamers white. Red, Blacke, here
here, here. Fling the meat in his face. Tamburlaine,
tamburlaine, Let the souldiers be buried. Hel, death,
tamburlain, Hell, make ready my Coch, my chaire, my
iewels, I come, I come, I come.

She runs against the Cage and braines her selfe

Zenocrate wyth Anippe,

Wretched Zenocrate, that liuest to see,
Damascus walles di'd with Egytian blood.
Thy Fathers subiects and thy countrimen:
Thy streetes strowed with disseuered iointes of men,
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life.
But most accurst, to see the Sun-bright troope
Of heauenly virgins and vnspotted maides,
Whose lookes might make the angry God of armes,
To breake his sword, and mildly treat of loue,
On horsmens Lances to be hoisted vp,
And guiltlesly endure a cruell death.
For euery fell and stout Tartarian Stead,

That

That ſtampt on others with their thundring hoones
When al their riders charg'd their quiuering ſpeares
Began to checke the ground, and rain themſelues:
Gazing vpon the beautie of their lookes:
Ah Tamburlaine, wert thou the cauſe of this
That tearm'ſt Zenocrate thy deareſt loue:
Whoſe liues were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her owne life, or ought ſaue thine owne loue.
But ſee another bloody ſpectacle.
Ah wretched eies, the enemies of my hart,
How are ye glutted with theſe grieuous obiects,
And tell my ſoule mor tales of bleeding ruth:
See, ſe Anippe if they breathe or no.

Anip. No breath nor ſence, nor motion in them both:
Ah Madam, this their ſlauery hath Enforc'd,
And ruthleſſe cruelty of Tamburlaine.

Zen. Earth caſt vp fountaines from thy entralles,
And wet thy cheeks for their vntimely deathes:
Shake with their waight in ſigne of feare & griefes
Bluſh heauen, that gaue them honor at their birth,
And let them die a death ſo barbarous.
Thoſe that are proud of fickle Empery,
And place their chiefeſt good in earthly pompe:
Behold the Turke and his great Empereſſe.
Ah tamburlaine, my loue, ſweet tamburlaine,
That fights for Scepters and for ſlippery crownes,
Behold the Turk and his great Empereſſe,
Thou that in conduct of thy happy ſtars,
Sleep'ſt euery night with conqueſt on thy browes,
And yet wouldſt ſhun the wauering turnes of war,
In feare and feeling of the like diſtreſſe,
Behold the Turke and his great Empereſſe.

Ah myghty Ioue and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my Loue, oh pardon his contempt,
Of earthly fortune, and respect of pitie,
And let not conquest ruthlesly pursewde
Be equally against his life incenst,
In this great Turk and hapless Emperesse.
And pardon me that was not moou'd with ruthe,
To see them liue so long in misery:
Ah what may chance to thee Zenocrate?

Anip, Madam content your self and be resolu'd,
Your Loue hath fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turne her wheele no more,
As long as life maintaines his mighty arme,
That fights for honor to adorne your head.

Enter a Messenger.

Zen. What other heauie news now brings Philemus?

Phi. Madam, your father and th'Arabian king,
The first affecter of your excellence,
Comes now as Turnus gainst Eneas did,
Armed with lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battaile gainst my Lord the King.

Zen. Now shame and duty, loue and feare presents
A thousand sorrowes to my martyred soule:
Whom should I wish the fatall victory,
When my poore pleasures are deuided thus,
And rackt by dutie from my cursed heart:
My father and my first betrothed loue,
Must fight against my life and present loue:
Wherin the change I vse condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infamous through the world.
But as the Gods to end the Troyans toile,
Preuented Turnus of Lauinia.

And

And fatally enricht Eneas loue.
So for a finall Issue to my griefes,
To pacifie my countrie and my loue,
Must Tamburlaine by their resistlesse powers,
With vertue of a gentle victorie,
Conclude a league of honor to my hope,
Then as the powers deuine haue prefordainde,
With happy safty of my fathers life,
Send like defence of faire Arabia.

They sound to the battaile.
And Tamburlaine enioyes the victory, after Arabia enters wounded.

Ar. What cursed power guides the murthering hands,
Of this infamous Tyrants souldiers,
That no escape may saue their enemies:
Nay fortune keep themselues from victory.
Lye down Arabia, wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrates faire eies beholde
That as for her thou bearst these wretched armes.
Euen so for her thou diest in these armes:
Leauing thy blood for witnesse of thy loue.

zen. Too deare a witnesse for such loue my Lord,
Behold Zenocrate, the cursed obiect
Whose Fortunes neuer mastered her griefs:
Behold her wounded in conceit for thee,
As much as thy faire body is for me.

Ar. Then shal I die with full contented heart,
Hauing beheld deuine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with ioy would take away my life,
As now it bringeth sweetnesse to my wound,
If I had not bin wounded as I am.

Ah that the deadly panges I suffer now,
Would lend an howers license to my tongue:
To make discourse of some sweet accidents
Haue chanc'd thy merits in this worthles bondage.
And that I might be priuy to the state,
Of thy deseru'd contentment and thy loue:
But making now a vertue of thy sight,
To driue all sorrow from my fainting soule:
Since Death denies me further cause of ioy.
Depriu'd of care, my heart with comfort dies.
Since thy desired hand shall close mine eies.

Enter Tamburlain leading the Souldane, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumeasane, withothers.

Tam. Come happy Father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Souldans name:
Though my right hand haue thus enthralled thee
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free.
She that hath calmde the furie of my sword.
Which had ere this bin bathde in streames of blood,
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.
Zen: O sight thrice welcome to my ioiful soule.
To see the king my Father issue safe,
From dangerous battel of my conquering Loue.
Soul. Wel met my only deare Zenocrate,
Though with the losse of Egypt and my Crown,
tam. Twas I my lord that gat the victory,
And therfore grieue not at your ouerthrow.
Since I shall render all into your hands.
And ad more strength to your dominions
Then euer yet confirm'd th'Egyptian Crown.

The

The God of war resignes his rounne to me,
Meaning to make me Generall of the world,
Ioue viewing me in armes, lookes pale and wan,
Fearing my power should pull him from his throne,
Where ere I come the fatall sisters sweat,
And grisly death by running to and fro,
To doo their ceaslles homag to my sword:
And here in Affrick where it seldom raines,
Since I arriu'd with my triumphat hoste,
Haue swelling cloudes drawen from wide gasping
(woundes.
Bene oft resolu'd in bloody purple showers,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at euery drop it drinks:
Millions of soules sit on the bankes of Styx,
Waiting the back returne of Charons boat,
Hell and Elisian swarme with ghosts of men,
That I haue sent from sundry foughten fields.
To spread my fame through hell and vp to heauen:
And see my Lord, a sight of strange import,
Emperours and kings lie breathlesse at my feet,
The Turk and his great Empresse as it seems,
Left to themselues while we were at the fight.
Haue desperatly dispatcht their slauish liues:
With them Arabia too hath left his life,
All sights of power to grace my victory:
And such are obiects fit for Tamburlaine.
Wherein as in a mirrour may be seene,
His honor, that consists in sheading blood,
When men presume to manage armes with him.

Soul. Mighty hath God & Mahomet made thy hand
(Renowned tamburlain) to whom all kings

Of force must yeeld their crownes and Emperies,
And I am pleasde with this my ouerthrow:
If as beseemes a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honor vsde Zenocrate.
Tamb. Her state and person wants no pomp you see,
And for all blot of foule inchastity,
I record heauen, her heauenly selfe is cleare:
Then let me find no further time to grace
Her princely Temples with the Persean crowne:
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait:
And haue bene crown'd for proued worthynesse,
Euen by this hand that shall establish them,
Shal now, adioining al their hands with mine,
Inuest her here my Queene of Persea,
What saith the noble Souldane and Zenocrate?
Soul. I yeeld with thanks and protestations
Of endlesse honor to thee for her loue.
Tamb. Then doubt I not but faire Zenocrate
Will soone consent to satisfy vs both.
Zen. Els should I much forget my self, my Lord,
Ther. Then let vs set the crowne vpon her head,
That long hath longed for so high a seat.
Tech. My hand is ready to performe the deed,
For now her marriage time shall worke vs rest:
Vsum. And her's the crown my Lord, help set it on
Tam. Then sit thou downe diuine Zenocrate,
And here we crowne thee Queene of Persea,
And all the kingdomes and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdewed:
As Iuno, when the Giants were suppressed,
That darted mountaines at her brother Ioue:
So lookes my Loue, shadowing in her browes

Triumphes

Triumphes and Trophees for my victories:
Or as Latonas daughter bent to armes,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind,
To gratify the sweet Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moores and men of Asia,
From Barbary vnto the Westerne Indie,
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy Syre.
And from the bounds of Affrick to the banks
Of Ganges, shall his mighty arme extend.
And now my Lords and louing followers,
That purchac'd kingdomes by your matiall deeds,
Cast off your armor, put on scarlet roabes.
Mount vp your royall places of estate,
Enuiron'd with troopes of noble men,
And there make lawes to rule your prouinces:
Hang vp your weapons on Alcides poste,
For Tamburlaine takes truce with al the world.
Thy first betrothed, Loue Arabia,
Shall we with honor (as beseemes) entombe,
With this great Turke and his faire Empresse:
Then after all these solemne Exequies,
We wil our celebrated rites of mariage solemnize.

Finis Actus quinti & vltimi huius
primæ partis.

Tamburlaine, the great.

THE SECOND PART OF

The bloody Conquests

of mighty Tamburlaine.

With his impassionate fury, for the death of his Lady and loue, faire Zenocrate: his fourme of exhortation and discipline to his three sons, and the maner of his own death.

The Prologue.

THe generall welcomes Tamburlain receiu'd,
When he arriued last vpon our stage,
Hath made our Poet pen his second part,
Wher death cuts off the progres of his pomp.
And murdrous Fates throwes al his triumphs down,
But what became of faire Zenocrate,
And with how manie cities sacrifice
He celebrated her said funerall,
Himselfe in presence shal vnfold at large.

Actus. 1. Scæna. 1.

Orcanes, king of Natolia, Gazellus, vice-roy of Byron, Vbibassa, and their traine, with drums and trumpets.

Orcanes-

EGregions Viceroyes of these Eastern parts
Plac'd by the issue of great Baiazeth:
And sacred Lord the mighty Calapine:
Who liues in Egypt, prisoner to that slaue,
Which kept his father in an yron cage:
Now haue we marcht from faire Natolia

Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius bankes,
Our warlike hoste in compleat armour rest,
Where Sigismond the king of Hungary
Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
What: Shall we parle with the Christian:
Or crosse the streame, and meet him in the field.
Byr. King of Natolia, let vs treat of peace,
We all are glutted with the Christians blood,
And haue a greater foe to fight against,
Proud Tamburlaine, that now in Asia,
Neere Guyrons head doth set his conquering feet,
And means to fire Turky as he goes:
Gainst him my Lord must you addresse your power.
Vpibas. Besides, king Sigismond hath brought
(from Christendome,
More then his Camp of stout Hungarians,
Sclauonians, Almans, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
That with the Holbard, Lance, and murthering Axe,
Will hazard that we might with surety hold.
Though from the shortest Northren Paralell,
Vast Gruntland compast with the frozen sea,
Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Gyants as big as hugie Polypheme:
Millions of Souldiers cut the Artick line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these Armes.
Our Turky blades shal glide through al their throats,
And make this champion mead a bloody Fen,
Danubius stream that runs to Trebizon,
Shall carie wrapt within his scarlet waues,
As martiall presents to our friends at home.
The slaughtered bodies of these Christians.
The Terrene main wherin Danubius fals,

Shall

Shall by this battell be the bloody Sea.
The wandring Sailers of proud Italy,
Shall meet those Christians fleeting with the tyde,
Be ating in heaps against their Argoles.
And make faire Europe mounted on her bull,
Trapt with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight and weare a wofull mourning weed.

Byr. Yet stout Orcanes, Prorer of the world,
Since Tamburlaine hath mustred all his men,
Marching from Cairon northward with his camp,
To Alexandria, and the frontier townes,
Meaning to make a conquest of our land:
'Tis requisit to parle for a peace
With Sigismond the king of Hungary:
And saue our forces for the hot assaults
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.

Orc. Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said:
My realme, the Center of our Empery
Once lost, All Turkie would be ouerthrowne:
And for that cause the Christians shall haue peace.
Slauonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes
Feare not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine.
Nor he but Fortune that hath made him great.
We haue reuolted Grecians, Albanees,
Cicilians, Iewes, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,
Natolians, Sorians, blacke Egyptians,
Illicians, Thracians, and Bythinians,
Enough to swallow forcelesse Sigismond:
Yet scarse enough t'encounter Tamburlaine.
He brings a world of people to the field,
From Scythia to the Orient all Plage
Of India, wher raging Lantchidol

Beates on the regions with his boysterous blowes,
That neuer sea-man yet discouered:
All Asia is in Armes with tamburlaine,
Euen from the midst of fiery Cancers Tropick,
To Amazonia vnder Capricorne,
And thence as far as Archipellago.
All Affrike is in Armes with tamburlaine.
Therefore Viceroies the Christians must haue peace.

Act. 1. Scæna. 2.

Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwine, and their traine with drums and trumpets.

Sigis.

ORcanes (as our Legates promist thee)
Wee with our Peeres haue crost Danubius,
To treat of friendly peace or deadly war: (stream
Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans vse
I here present thee with a naked sword,
Wilt thou haue war, then shake this blade at me,
If peace, restore it to my hands againe:
And I wil sheath it to confirme the same.

Orc. Stay Sigismond, forgetst thou I am he
That with the Cannon shooke Vienna walles.
And made it dance vpon the Continent:
As when the mastly substance of the earth,
Quiuer about the Axeltree of heauen.
Forgetst thou that I sent a shower of dartes
Mingled with powdered shot and fethered steele
So thick vpon the blink-eid Burghers heads,
That thou thy self, then County-Pallatine,
The king of Boheme, and the Austrich Duke,

Sent

Sent Herralds out, which baſely on their knees
In all your names deſirde a truce of me:
Forgetſt thou, that to haue me raiſe my ſiege,
Wagons of gold were ſet before my tent:
Stampt with the princely Foule that in her wings
Caries the fearfull thunderbolts of Ioue,
How canſt thou think of this and offer war:
Sig. Vienna was beſieg'd, and I was there,
Then County-Pallatine, but now a king:
And what we did, was in extremity:
But now Orcanes, view my royall hoſte,
That hides theſe plaines, and ſeems as vaſt and wide,
As dooth the Deſart of Arabia.
To thoſe that ſtand on Badgeths lofty Tower,
Or as the Ocean to the Trauciler
That reſts vpon the ſnowy Appenines:
And tell me whether I ſhould ſtoope ſo low,
Or treat of peace with the Natolian king:
Byr. Kings of Natolia and of Hungarie,
We came from Turky to confirme a league,
And not to dare ech other to the field:
A friendly parle might become ye both.
Fred. And we from Europe to the ſame intent,
Which if your General refuſe or ſcorne,
Our Tents are pitcht, our men ſtand in array.
Ready to charge you ere you ſtir your feet.
Nat. So preſt are we, but yet if Sigiſmond
Speake as a friend, and ſtand not vpon tearmes,
Here is his ſword, let peace be ratified
On theſe conditions ſpecified before,
Drawen with aduiſe of our Ambaſſadors.
Sig. Then here I ſheath it, and giue thee my hand,

Ne=

Neuer to draw it out, or manage armes
Against thy selfe or thy confederates:
But whilst I liue will be at truce with thee.
Nat. But (Sigismond) confirme it with an oath,
And sweare in sight of heauen and by thy Christ.
Sig. By him that made the world and sau'd my (soule
The sonne of God and issue of a Mayd,
Sweet Jesus Christ, I sollemnly protest,
And vow to keepe this peace inuiolable.
Nat. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy Alcaron remaines with vs,
Whose glorious body when he left the world,
Clolde in a coffyn mounted vp the aire,
And hung on stately Mecas Temple roofe,
I sweare to keepe this truce inuiolable:
Of whose conditions, and our solemne othes
Sign'd with our handes, each shal retaine a scrowle
As memorable witnesse of our league.
Now Sigismond, if any Christian King
Encroche vpon the confines of thy realme,
Send word, Orcanes of Natolia
Confirm'd this league beyond Danubius streame,
And they will (trembling) sound a quicke retreat,
So am I fear'd among all Nations.
Sig. If any heathen potentate or king
Inuade Natolia, Sigismond will send
A hundred thousand horse train'd to the war,
And backt by stout Lanceres of Germany.
The strength and sinewes of the imperiall seat.
Nat. I thank thee Sigismond, but when I war
All Asia Minor, Affrica, and Greece

Follow my Standard and my thundring Drums:
Come let vs goe and banquet in our tents:
I will dispatch chiefe of my army hence
To faire Natolia, and to Trebizon,
To stay my comming gainst proud Tamburlaine.
Freend Sigismond, and peeres of Hungary,
Come banquet and carouse with vs a while,
And then depart we to our territories. Exeunt.

Actus. 1. Scæna. 3.

Callapine with Almeda, his keeper.

Callap.

SWeet Almeda, pity the ruthfull plight
Of Callapine, the sonne of Baiazeth,
Born to be Monarch of the Western world:
Yet here detain'd by cruell Tamburlaine.

Alm. My Lord I pitie it, and with my heart
Wish your release, but he whose wrath is death,
My soueraigne Lord, renowmed tamburlain.
Forbids you further liberty than this.

Cal. Ah were I now but halfe so eloquent
To paint in words, what Ile performe in deeds,
I know thou wouldst depart from hence with me.

Al. Not for all Affrike, therefore moove me not.

Cal. Yet heare me speake my gentle Almeda.

Al. No speach to that end, by your fauour sir.

Cal. By Cario runs.

Al. No talke of running, I tell you sir.

Cal. A litle further, gentle Almeda.

Al. Wel sir, what of this?

Cal. By Cario runs to Alexandria Bay,

Darotes

Darotes streames, wherin at anchor lies
A Turkish Gally of my royall fleet,
Waiting my comming to the riuer side,
Hoping by some means I shall be releast,
Which when I come aboord will hoist vp saile,
And soon put foorth into the Terrene sea:
Where twixt the Iles of Cyprus and of Creete,
We quickly may in Turkish seas arriue.
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more
Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
Amongst so many crownes of burnisht gold,
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command,
A thousand Gallies mann'd with Christian slaues
I freely giue thee, which shall cut the straights,
And bring Armados from the coasts of Spaine,
Fraughted with golde of rich America:
The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
Skilful in musicke and in amorous laies:
As faire as was Pigmalions Ivory gyrle,
Or lovely Io metamorphosed.
With naked Negros shall thy coach be drawen,
And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets,
The pauement vnderneath thy chariot wheels
With Turky Carpets shall be couered:
And cloath of Arras hung about the walles,
Fit obiects for thy princely eie to pierce.
A hundred Basiloes cloath'd in crimson silk
Shall ride before the on Barbarian Steeds:
And when thou goest, a golden Canapie
Enchac'd with pretious stones, which shine as bright
As that faire vail that couers all the world:
When Phœbus leaping from his Hemi-Spheare,

Dis-

Discendeth downward to th'Antipodes.
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.
Alm. How far hence lies the Galley, say you?
Cal. Sweet Almeda, scarse halfe a league from (hence.
Alm. But need we not be spied going aboord?
Cal. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill
And crooked bending of a craggy rock,
The sailes wrapt up, the mast and tacklings downe,
She lies so close that none can find her out,
Alm. I like that well: but tel me my Lord, if I should let you goe, would you bee as good as your word? Shall I be made a king for my labour?
Cal. As I am Callapine the Emperour,
And by the hand of Mahomet I sweare,
Thou shalt be crown'd a king and be my mate,
Alm. Then here I sweare, as I am Almeda,
Your Keeper vnder Tamburlaine the great,
(For that's the style and tytle I haue yet)
Although he sent a thousand armed men
To intercept this haughty enterprize,
Yet would I venture to conduct your Grace,
And die before I brought you backe again.
Cal. Thanks gentle Almeda, then let vs haste,
Least time be past, and lingring let vs both.
Al. When you will my Lord, I am ready,
Cal. Euen straight: and farewell cursed Tambur= (laine.
Now goe I to reuenge my fathers death. Exeunt

Actus

Actus. 1. Scæna. 4.

Tamburlaine with Zenocrate, and his three sonnes, Calyphas, Amyras, and Celebinus, with drummes and trumpets.

Tamb.

NOw bright zenocrate, the worlds faire eie,
Whose beames illuminate the lamps of heauē,
Whose chearful looks do cleare the clowdy aire
And cloath it in a christall liuerie,
Now rest thee here on faire Larissa Plaines,
Where Egypt and the Turkish Empire parts,
Betweene thy sons that shall be Emperours,
And euery one Commander of a world.

zen. Sweet tamburlain, when wilt thou leaue these armes
And saue thy sacred person free from scathe:
And dangerous chances of the wrathfull war.

Tam. When heauen shal cease to moue on both the poles
& when the ground wheron my souldiers march
Shal rise aloft and touch the horned Moon,
And not before my sweet zenocrate:
Sit vp and rest thee like a louely Queene.
So, now she sits in pompe and maiestie:
When these my sonnes, more precions in mine eies
Than all the wealthy kingdomes I subdewed:
Plac'd by her side, looke on their mothers face,
But yet me thinks their looks are amorous,
Not martiall as the sons of Tamburlaine,
Water and ayre being simbolised in one:
Argue their want of courage and of wit,
Their haire as white as milke and soft as Downe.
Which should be like the quilles of Porcupines,

As

As blacke as Jeat, and hard as Iron or steel,
Bewraies they are too dainty for the wars.
Their fingers made to quauer on a Lute,
Their armes to hang about a Ladies necke:
Their legs to dance and caper in the aire:
Would make me thinke them Bastards, not my sons,
But that I know they issued from thy wombe,
That neuer look'd on man but Tamburlaine.
Zen My gratious Lord, they haue their mothers
But whē they list, their cōquering fathers hart: (looks
This louely boy the yongest of the three,
Not long agoe bestrid a Scythian Steed:
Trotting the ring, and tilting at a gloue:
Which when he tainted with his slender rod,
He raign'd him straight and made him so curuet,
As I cried out for feare he should haue falne,
Tam. Wel done my boy, thou shalt haue shield and
Armour of proofe, horse, helme, & Curtle-axe (lance
And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
And harmeleslie run among the deadly pikes.
If thou wilt loue the warres and follow me,
Thou shalt be made a King and raigne with me.
Keeping in yron cages Emperours.
If thou exceed thy elder Brothers worth,
And shine in compleat vertue more than they,
Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed
Shall issue crowned from their mothers wombe.
Cel. Yes father, you shal see me if I liue.
Haue vnder me as many kings as you,
And march with such a multitude of men,
As all the world shall tremble at their view.
Tam. These words assure me boy, thou art my seme,
When I am old and cannot manage armes,

Be thou the scourge and terrour of the world,
Amy. Why may not I my Lord, as wel as he,
Be tearm'd the scourge and terrour of the world:
tam. Be al a scourge and terror to the world,
Or els you are not sons of Tamburlaine.
Cal. But while my brothers follow armes my lord
Let me accompany my gratious mother,
They are enough to conquer all the world
And you haue won enough for me to keep.
tam. Bastardly boy, sprong frō some cowards loins:
And not the issue of great Tamburlaine,
Of all the prouinces I haue subdued
Thou shalt not haue a foot, vnlesse thou beare
A mind corragious and inuincible:
For he shall weare the crowne of Persea,
Whose head hath deepest scarres, whose breast most
(woundes,
Which being wroth, sends lightning from his eies.
And in the furrowes of his frowning brows,
Harbors reuenge, war, death and crueltie:
For in a field whose superfluities
Is couered with a liquid purple veile,
And sprinkled with the braines of slaughtered men,
My royal chaire of state shall be aduanc'd:
And he that meanes to place himselfe therein
Must armed wade vp to the chin in blood.
zen. My Lord, such speeches to our princely sonnes,
Dismaies their mindes before they come to proue
The wounding troubles angry war affoords.
Cel. No Madam, these are speeches fit for vs,
For if his chaire were in a sea of blood,
I would prepare a ship and saile to it.

Ere

Ere I would loose the tytle of a king,
Amy. And I would striue to swim through pooles (of blood,
Or make a bridge of murthered Carcales,
Whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Turks,
Ere I would loose the tytle of a king.
tam. Wel louely boies, you shal be Emperours both
Stretching your conquering armes from east to west:
And sirha, if you meane to weare a crowne,
When we shall meet the Turkish Deputie
And all his Viceroies, snatch it from his head,
And cleaue his Pericranion with thy sword.
Cal. If any man will hold him, I will strike,
And cleaue him to the channell with my sword,
tamb. Hold him, and cleaue him too, or Ile cleaue (thee
For we will match against them presently.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promist to meet me on Larissa plaines:
With hostes apeece against this Turkish crue,
For I haue sworne by sacred Mahomet,
To make it parcel of my Empery,
The trumpets sound Zenocrate, they come.

Actus: 1. Scæna. 5.

Enter Theridamas, and his traine with Drums and Trumpets.

Tamb.

WElcome Theridamas, king of Argier,
Ther. My Lord the great and migh- (ty Tamburlain,
Arch-Monarke of the world, I offer here,

My crowne, my selfe, and all the power I haue,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.
tam. Thanks good Theridamas.
ther. Vnder my colloys march ten thousand Greeks
And of Argier and Affriks frontier townes,
Twise twenty thousand valiant men at armes,
All which haue sworne to sacke Natolia:
Fiue hundred Briggandines are vnder saile,
Meet for your seruice on the sea, my Lord,
That lanching from Argier to Tripoly,
Will quickly ride before Natolia:
And batter downe the castles on the shore.
tam. Well said Argier, receiue thy crowne againe.

Actus. 1. Scæna. 6.

Enter Techelles and Vsumcasane together.

Tamb.

KIngs of Morocus and of Fesse, welcome.
Vsu. Magnificent & peerlesse Tamburlaine,
I and my neighbor King of Fesse haue brought
To aide thee in this Turkish expedition,
A hundred thousand expert souldiers:
From Azamor to Tunys neare the sea,
Is Barbary vnpeopled for thy sake,
And all the men in armour vnder me,
Which with my crowne I gladly offer thee. (gain.
tam. Thanks king of Morocus, take your crown a-
tech. And mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly God,
Whose lookes make this inferiour world to quake,
I here present thee with the crowne of Fesse,
And with an hoste of Moores traînde to the war,
Whose coleblacke faces make their foes retire,
And quake for feare, as if infernall Ioue:

Marian

Meaning to aid them in this Turkish armes,
Should pierce the blacke circumference of hell,
With vgly furies bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong tormenting spirits:
From strong Tesella vnto Biledull,
All Barbary is vnpeopled for thy sake.

tam. Thanks king of Fesse, take here thy crowne a-
Your presence louing friends and fellow kings) (gain
Makes me to surfet in conceiuing ioy,
If all the christall gates of Ioues high court
Were opened wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and maiesty of heauen,
It could not more delight me than your sight.
Now will we banquet on these plaines a while,
And after march to Turky with our Campe,
In number more than are the drops that fall
When Boreas rents a thousand swelling cloudes,
And proud Orcanes of Natolia,
With all his viceroies shall be so affraide,
That though the stones, as at Deucalions flood,
Were turnde to men, he should be ouercome:
Such lauish will I make of Turkish blood,
That Ioue shall send his winged Messenger
To bid me sheath my sword, and leaue the field:
The Sun vnable to sustaine the sight,
Shall hide his head in thetis watery lap,
And leaue his steeds to faire Boetes charge:
For halfe the world shall perish in this fight:
But now my friends, let me examine ye,
How haue ye spent your absent time from me:

Vsum. My Lord our men of Barbary haue marcht
Foure hundred miles with armour on their backes,

And laine in ſeagre fifteene moneths and more,
For ſince we left you at the Soulbans court,
We haue ſubdude the Southerne Guallatia,
And all the land vnto the coaſt of Spaine.
We kept the narrow ſtraight of Gibralter,
And made Canarea cal vs kings and Lords,
Yet neuer did they recreate themſelues,
Or ceaſe one day from war and hot alarms,
And therefore let them reſt a while my Lord.

Tam. They ſhal Caſane, and tis time yfaith.

Tech. And I haue marcht along the riuer Nile
To Machda, where the mighty Chriſtian Priest
Cal'd Iohn the great, ſits in a milk-white robe,
Whoſe triple Myter I did take by force,
And made him ſweare obedience to my crowne.
From thence vnto Cazates did I marcht,
Wher Amazonians met me in the field:
With whom (being women) I vouchſaft a league,
And with my power did march to zanſibar
The Weſterne part of Affrike, where I view'd.
The Ethiopian ſea, riuers and lakes:
But neither man nor child in al the land:
Therfore I tooke my courſe to Manico.
Where vnreſiſted I remoou'd my campe:
And by the coaſt of Byather at laſt,
I came to Cubar, where the Negros dwell,
And conquering that, made haſte to Nubia,
There hauing ſackt Borno the Kingly ſeat,
I took the king, and lead him bound in chaines
Vnto Damaſco, where I ſtaid before.

Tamb. Well done Techelles: what ſaith
Theridamas?

ther. I left the confines and the bounds of Affrike
And made a voyage into Europe,
Where by the riuer Tyros I subdew'd
Stoka, Padalia, and Codemia.
Then croſt the ſea and came to Oblia.
And Nigra Silua, where the Deuils dance,
Which in deſpight of them I ſet on fire.
From thence I croſt the Gulfe, call'd by the name
Mare magiore, of th'inhabitantes;
Yet ſhall my ſouldiers make no pere
Vntill Natolia kneele before your feet,

tamb. Then wil we triumph, banquet and carouſe,
Cookes ſhall haue penſions to prouide vs cates,
And glut vs with the dainties of the world,
Lachrima Chriſti and Calabrian wines
Shall common Souldiers drink in quaffing bowles,
Inſtead of liquid golde when we haue conquer'd them.
Mingled with coorall and with orientall pearle:
Come let vs banquet and carrouſe the while. Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus. 2. Scæna. 1.

Sigiſmond, Fredericke, Baldwine,
with their traine.

Sigiſ.

NOw ſay my Lords of Buda and Bohemia,
What motiō is it that inflames your thoughts,
And ſtirs your valures to ſuch ſodaine armes?

Fred. Your Maieſty remembers I am ſure
What cruell ſlaughter of our Chriſtian bloods,
Theſe heathniſh Turks and Pagans lately made,

Betwixt the citie Zula and Danubius,
How through the midst of Vienna and Bulgaria
And almost to the very walles of Rome,
They haue not long since massacred our Camp,
It resteth now then that your Maiesty
Take all aduantages of time and power,
And worke reuenge vpon these Infidels:
Your Highnesse knowes for Tamburlaines repaire,
That strikes a terrour to all Turkish hearts,
Natolia hath dismist the greatest part
Of all his armie, pitcht against our power
Betwixt Cutheia and Orminius mount:
And sent them marching vp to Belgasar,
Acantha, Antioch, and Cæsaria,
To aid the kings of Soria and Ierusalem.
Now then my Lord, aduantage take hereof,
And issue lordainly vpon the rest:
That in the fortune of their ouerthrow,
We may discourage all the pagan troope,
That dare attempt to war with Christians.

Sig. But cals not then your Grace to memorie
The league we lately made with king Orcanes,
Confirm'd by oth and Articles of peace,
And calling Christ for record of our trueths:
This should be treacherie and violence,
Against the grace of our profession.

Bald. No whit my Lord: for with such Infidels,
In whom no faith nor true religion rests,
We are not bound to those accomplishments,
The holy lawes of Christendome inioine:
But as the faith which they prophanely plight
Is not by necessary policy,

To be esteem'd assurance for our selues,
So what we vow to them should not infringe
Our liberty of armes and victory.
Sig. Though I confesse the othes they vndertake,
Breed litle strength to our securitie,
Yet those infirmities that thus defame
Their faiths, their honors, and their religion,
Should not giue vs presumption to the like.
Our faiths are sound, and must be continuate,
Religious, righteous, and inuiolate.
Fred. Assure your Grace tis superstition
To stand so strictly on dispensiue faith:
And should we lose the opportunity
That God hath giuen to venge our Christians death
And scourge their foule blasphemous Paganisme:
As fell to Saule, to Balaam and the rest,
That would not kill and curse at Gods command,
So surely will the vengeance of the highest
And iealous anger of his fearefull arme
Be pour'd with rigour on our sinfull heads,
If we neglect this offered victory.
Sig. Then arme my Lords, and issue lodainly,
Giuing commandement to our generall hoste,
With expedition to assaile the Pagan,
And take the victorie our God hath giuen. Exeunt.

Actus. 2. Scæna. 2.

Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribassa with their traine.

Orcanes.

GAzellus, Vribassa, and the rest,
Now will we march from proud Orminus mount

To faire Natolia, where our neighbour kings
Expect our power and our royall presence,
T'incounter with the cruell tamburlain,
That nigh Larissa swaies a mighty hoste,
And with the thunder of his martial tooles
Makes Earthquakes in the hearts of men and heauen,
Gaz. And now come we to make his sinowes shake,
With greater power than erst his pryde hath felt,
An hundred kings by scores wil bid him armes,
And hundred thousands subiects to each score:
Which if a shower of wounding thunderbolts
Should breake out off the bowels of the clowdes
And fall as thick as haile vpon our heads,
In partiall aid of that proud Scythian,
Yet should our courages and steeled crestes,
And numbers more than infinit of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.
Vrib. Me thinks I see how glad the christian King
Is made, for ioy of your admitted truce:
That could not but before be terrified:
With vnacquainted power of our hoste.

Enter a messenger.

Mess Arme dread Soueraign and my noble Lords
The treacherous army of the Christians,
Taking aduantage of your slender power,
Comes marching on vs, and determines straight,
To bid vs battaile for our dearest liues.
Orc. Traitors, villaines, damned Christians.
Haue I not here the articles of peace,
And solemne couenants we haue both confirm'd,

He

He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet:
Gaz. Hel and confusion light vpon their heads,
That with such treason seek our ouerthrow,
And cares so litle for their prophet Christ.
Orc. Can there be such deceit in Christians,
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,
Whose shape is figure of the highest God:
Then if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
But in their deeds deny him for their Christ:
If he be son to euerliuing Ioue,
And hath the power of his outstretched arme,
If he be iealous of his name and honor,
As is our holy prophet Mahomet,
Take here these papers as our sacrifice
And witnesse of thy seruants periury.
Open thou shining vaile of Cynthia
And make a passage from the imperiall heauen
That he that sits on high and neuer sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscriptible,
But euery where fils euery Continent,
With strange infusion of his sacred vigor,
Pay in his endlesse power and puritie
Behold and venge this Traitors periury.
Thou Christ that art esteem'd omnipotent,
If thou wilt proue thy selfe a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithfull hearts,
Be now reueng'd vpon this Traitors soule,
And make the power I haue left behind
(Too litle to defend our guiltlesse liues)
Sufficient to discomfort and confound
The trustlesse force of those false Christians.

To

To armes my Lords, on Christ still let vs crie,
If there be Christ, we shall haue victorie.

Sound to the battell, and Sigismond comes out wounded.

Sig. Discomfited is all the Christian hoste,
And God hath thundered vengeance from on high,
For my accurst and hatefull periurie.
O iust and dreadfull punisher of sinne,
Let the dishonor of the paines I feele,
In this my mortall well deserued wound,
End all my penance in my sodaine death,
And let this death wherein to sinne I die,
Conceiue a second life in endlesse mercie.

Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribasa, with others.

Or. Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ or Mahomet hath bene my friend.

Gaz. See here the periur'd traitor Hungary,
Bloody and breathlesse for his villany.

Orc. Now shall his barbarous body be a pray
To beasts and foules, and al the winds shall breath
Through shady leaues of euery senceleſſe tree,
Murmures and hisses for his hainous sin.
Now scalds his soule in the Tartarian streames,
And feeds vpon the banefull tree of hell,
That zoacum, that fruit of bytternesse,
That in the midst of fire is ingraft,
Yet flourisheth as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damned Feends,

The

The Dyuils there in chaines of quenceleſſe flame,
Shall lead his ſoule through Orcus burning gulfes
From paine to paine, whoſe change ſhal neuer end:
What ſaieſt thou yet Gazellus to his foile:
Which we referd to iuſtice of his Chriſt,
And to his power, which here appeares as full
As raies of Cynthia to the cleareſt ſight:
Gaz. Tis but the fortune of the wars my Lord,
Whoſe power is often proou'd a myracle.
Orc. Yet in my thoughts ſhall Chriſt be honoured,
Not dooing Mahomet an iniurie,
Whoſe power had ſhare in this our victory:
And ſince this miſcreant hath diſgrac'd his faith,
And dide a traitor both to heauen and earth,
We will both watch and ward ſhall keepe his trunke
Amidſt theſe plaines, for Foules to pray vpon.
Go Vriballa, giue it ſtraight in charge.
Vri. I will my Lord. Exit Vrib.
Orc. And now Gazellus, let vs haſte and meete
Our Army and our brother of Ieruſalem,
Of Soria, Trebizon and Amaſia,
And happily with full Natolian bowles
Of Greekiſh wine now let vs celebrate
Our happy conqueſt, and his angry fate. Exeunt.

Actus. 2. Scæna vltima.

The Arras is drawen and Zenocrate lies in her bed of ſtate, Tamburlaine ſitting by her: three Phiſitians about her bed, tempering potions. Theridamas, Techelles, Vſumcaſane, and the three ſonnes.

Tamb.

Tamburlaine,

BLacke is the beauty of the brightest day,
The golden balle of heauens eternal fire,
That danc'd with glorie on the siluer waues:
Now wants the fewell that enflamde his beames
And all with faintnesse and for foule disgrace,
He hides his temples with a frowning cloude,
Ready to darken earth with endlesse night:
Zenocrate that gaue him light and life,
Whose eies shot fire from their sparry bowers,
And tempered euery soule with liuely heat,
Now by the malice of the angry Skies,
Whose iealousie admits no second Mate,
Drawes in the comfort of her latest breath
All dasled with the hellish mists of death.
Now walk the angels on the walles of heauen,
As Centinels to warne th'immortall soules,
To entertaine deuine Zenocrate.
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaslesse lamps
That gently look'd vpon this loathsome earth,
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heauens
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
The christall springs whose taste illuminates
Refined eies with an eternall sight,
Like tried siluer runs through Paradice
To entertaine diuine zenocrate.
The Cherubins and holy Seraphins,
That sing and play before the king of kings,
Vse all their voices and their instruments
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
And in this sweet and currious harmony,
The God that tunes this musicke to our soules:

Holds out his hand in highest maiesty
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
Then let some holy trance conuay my thoughts,
Vp to the pallace of th'imperiall heauen:
That this my life may be as short to me
As are the daies of sweet Zenocrate:
Phisitions, wil no phisicke do her good?
Phis. My Lord, your Maiesty shall soone perceiue
And if she passe this fit, the worst is past.
tam. Tell me, how fares my faire Zenocrate?
zen. I fare my Lord, as other Empresses,
That when this fraile and transitory flesh,
Hath suckt the measure of that vitall aire
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wanes with enforst and necessary change.
tam. May neuer such a change transformme my (loue
In whose sweet being I repose my life,
Whose heauenly presence beautified with health,
Giues light to Phœbus and the fixed starrs,
Whose absence make the sun and Moone as darke
As when opposde in one Diameter:
Their Spheares are mounted on the serpents head,
Or els descended to his winding traine:
Liue still my Loue and so conserue my life,
Or dieng, be the anchor of my death.
zen. Liue still my Lord, O let my soueraigne liue,
And sooner let the fiery Element
Dissolue, and make your kingdome in the Sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your maiesty:
For should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happinesse
And hope to meet your highnesse in the heauens,

Turn'd

Turn'd to dispaire, would breake my wretched breast,
And furie would confound my present rest.
But let me die my Loue, yet let me die,
With loue and patience let your true loue die:
Your griefe and furie hurtes my second life,
Yet let me kille my Lord before I die,
And let me die with killing of my Lord.
Bee since my life is lengthened yet a while,
Let me take leaue of these my louing sonnes,
And of my Lords whose true nobilitie
Haue merited my latest memorie:
Sweet sons farewell, in death resemble me,
And in your liues your fathers excellency.
Some musicke, and my fit will cease my Lord.

They call musicke.

Tam. Proud furie and intollerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my Loue,
And scourge the Scourge of the immortall God:
Now are those Spheares where Cupid vde to sit,
Wounding the world with woonder and with loue,
Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death:
Whose darts do pierce the Center of my soule,
Her sacred beauty hath enchaunted heauen,
And had she liu'd before the siege of Troy,
Hellen, whose beauty sommond Greece to armes,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,
Had not bene nam'd in Homers Iliads:
Her name had bene in euery line he wrote:
Or had those wanton Poets, for whose byrth
Olde Rome was proud, but gaz'd a while on her,
Nor Lesbia, nor Corinna had bene nam'd,
Zenocrate had bene the argument

Of

Of euery Epigram or Elegie.

The musicke sounds, and she dies.

tam. What, is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword,
And wound the earth, that it may cleaue in twaine,
And we descend into th'infernall vaults,
To haile the fatall Sisters by the haire,
And throw them in the triple moate of Hell,
For taking hence my faire Zenocrate.
Casane and Theridamas to armes,
Raise Caualieros higher than the cloudes:
And with the cannon breake the frame of heauen,
Batter the shining pallace of the Sun,
And shiuer all the starry firmament:
For amorous Ioue hath snatcht my loue from hence,
Meaning to make her stately Queene of heauen,
What God so euer holds thee in his armes,
Giuing thee Nectar and Ambrosia,
Behold me here diuine Zenocrate,
Rauing, impatient, desperate and mad,
Breaking my steeled lance, with which I burst
The rusty beames of Ianus Temple doores,
Letting out death and tyrannising war:
To march with me vnder this bloody flag,
And if thou pitiest Tamburlain the great,
Come downe from heauen and liue with me againe.

ther. Ah good my Lord be patient, she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her liue,
If words might serue, our voice hath rent the aire,
If teares, our eies haue watered all the earth:
If griefe, our murthered harts haue staind forth blood
Nothing preuailes, for she is dead my Lord.

tam. For she is dead? thy words doo pierce my soule

Ah

Ah sweet theridamas, say so no more,
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her:
Where ere her soule be, thou shalt stay with me
Embalm'd with Callia, Amber Greece and Myrre,
Not lapt in lead but in a sheet of gold,
And till I die thou shalt not be interr'd.
Then in as rich a tombe as Mausolus,
We both will rest and haue one Epitaph
Writ in as many seuerall languages,
As I haue conquered kingdomes with my sword,
This cursed towne will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereft me of my Loue:
The houses burnt, will looke as if they mourn'd
And here will I set vp her stature,
And march about it with my mourning campe,
Drooping and pining for zenocrate.

The Arras is drawen.

Actus. 3. Scæna. 1,

Enter the kings of Trebisond and Soria, one bringing a sword, & another a scepter: Next Natolia and Ierusalem with the Emperiall crowne: After Calapine, and after him other Lordes: Orcanes and Ierusalem crowne him, and the other giue him the scepter.

Orca.

CAlepinus Cyricelibes, other wise Cybelius, sonne and successiue heire to the late mighty Emperour Baiazeth, by the aid of God and his friend Mahomet, Emperour of Natolia, Ierusalem,

Tre-

Trebizon, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmo-
nia And al the hundred and thirty Kingdomes late con-
tributory to his mighty father. Long live Callepinus,
Emperour of Turky.

Cal. Thrice worthy kings of Natolia, and the rest,
I will requite your royall gratitudes
With all the benefits my Empire yeelds:
And were the sinowes of th'imperiall seat
So knit and strengthned, as when Baiazeth
My royall Lord and father fild the throne,
Whose curled fate hath so dismembred it,
Then should you see this Thiefe of Scythia,
This proud usurping king of Persea,
Do us such honor and supremacie,
Bearing the vengeance of our fathers wrongs,
As all the world should blot our dignities
Out of the booke of base borne infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royall cares
Hath so prouided for this cursed foe,
That since the heire of mighty Baiazeth
(An Emperour so honoured for his vertues)
Reuiues the spirits of true Turkish heartes,
In grieuous memorie of his fathers shame,
We shall not need to nourish any doubt,
But that proud Fortune, who hath followed long
The martiall sword of mighty Tamburlaine,
Will now retaine her olde inconstancie,
And raise our honors to as high a pitch
In this our strong and fortunate encounter,
For so hath heauen prouided my escape,
From al the crueltie my soule sustaind,
By this my friendly keepers happy meanes,

That loue surcharg'd with pity of our wrongs,
Will poure it downe in showers on our heads:
Scourging the pride of cursed Tamburlain.
Orc. I haue a hundred thousad men in armes,
Some, that in conquest of the periur'd Christian.
Being a handfull to a mighty hoste,
Thinke them in number yet sufficient,
To drinke the riuer Nile or Euphrates,
And for their power, know to win the world.
Ier. And I as many from Ierusalem,
Iudæa, Gaza, and Scalonians bounds,
That on mount Sinay with their ensignes spread,
Looke like the parti-coloured cloudes of heauen,
That shew faire weather to the neighbor moone.
Treb. And I as many bring from Trebizon,
Chio Famastro and Amasia,
All bordring on the Mare-maior sea:
Riso, Sancina, and the bordering townes,
That touch the end of famous Euphrates.
Whose courages are kindled with the flames,
The cursed Scythian sets on all their townes,
And vow to burne the villaines cruell heart.
Sor. From Soria with seuenty thousand strong,
Tane from Aleppo, Soldino, Tripoly,
And so vnto my citie of Damasco,
I march to meet and aide my neigbor kings,
All which will ioine against this Tamburlain,
And bring him captiue to your highnesse feet.
Orc. Our battaile then in martiall maner pitcht,
According to our ancient vse, shall beare
The figure of the semi-circled Moone:
Whose hornes shall sprinkle through the tainted aire,

The

The poisoned braines of this proud Scythian.
Cal. Wel then my noble Lords, for this my friend,
That freed me from the bondage of my foe:
I thinke it requisite and honorable,
To keep my promise, and to make him king,
That is a Gentleman (I know) at least.
Alm. That's no matter sir, for being a king,
For Tamburlain came vp of nothing.
Ier. Your Maiesty may choose some pointed time,
Performing all your promise to the full:
Tis nought for your maiesty to giue a kingdome.
Cal. Then wil I shortly keep my promise Almeda.
Alm. Why, I thank your Maiesty. Exeunt.

Actus. 2. Scæna. 2.

Tamburlaine with Vsumeasane, and his three sons, foure bearing the hearse of Zenocrate, and the drums sounding a dolefull march, the Towne burning.

Tamb.

SO, burne the turrets of this cursed towne,
Flame to the highest region of the aire:
And kindle heaps of exhalations,
That being fiery meteors, may presage,
Death and destruction to th'inhabitants
Ouer my Zenith hang a blazing star,
That may endure till heauen be dissolu'd,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,
Threatning a death and famine to this land,
Fliens Dragons, lightning, fearfull thunderclaps,
Sindge these fair plaines, and make them seeme as black

As is the Iſland where the Furies mak̃e
Compaſt with Lethe, Styx, and Phlegeton,
Becauſe my deare Zenocrate is dead.
Cal. This Piller plac'd in memorie of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, is writ
This towne being burnt by Tamburlaine the great,
Forbids the world to build it vp againe.
Amy. And here this mourful ſtreamer ſhal be plac'd
Wrought with the Perſean and Egyptian armes,
To ſignifie ſhe was a princeſſe borne,
And wife vnto the Monarke of the Eaſt.
Celib. And here this table as a Regiſter
Of all her vertues and perfections.
Tam. And here the picture of Zenocrate,
To ſhew her beautie, which the world admyr'd,
Sweet picture of diuine Zenocrate,
That hanging here, will draw the Gods from heauen
And cauſe the ſtars fixt in the Southern arke,
Whoſe louely faces neuer any viewed,
That haue not paſt the Centers latitude.
As Pilgrimes traueile to our Hemi-ſpheare.
Onely to gaze vpon Zenocrate.
Thou ſhalt not beautifie Lariſſa plaines.
But keep within the circle of mine armes.
At euery towne and caſtle I beſiege,
Thou ſhalt be ſet vpon my royall tent.
And when I meet an armie in the field,
Whoſe looks will ſhed ſuch influence in my campe,
As if Bellona, Goddeſſe of the war
Threw naked ſwords and ſulphur bals of fire,
Vpon the heads of all our enemies.
And now my Lords, aduance your ſpeares againe,

Sorrow

Sorrow no more my sweet Casane now:
Boyes leaue to mourne, this towne shall euer mourne,
Being burnt to cynders for your mothers death.
Cas. If I had wept a sea of teares for her,
It would not ease the sorrow I sustaine.
Amy. As is that towne, so is my heart consum'd,
With griefe and sorrow for my mothers death.
Cel. My mothers death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.
Tamb. But now my boies, leaue off, and ist to me,
That meane to teach you rudiments of war:
Ile haue you learne to sleepe vpon the ground,
March in your armour throwe watery Fens,
Sustaine the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and cold right adiuncts of the war.
And after this, to scale a castle wal,
Besiege a fort, to vndermine a towne,
And make whole cyties caper in the aire.
Then next, the way to fortifie your men,
In champion grounds, what figure serues you best,
For with the quinque-angle fourme is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat:
Whereas the Fort may fittest be assailde,
And sharpest where th'assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deepe, the Counterscarps
Narrow and steepe, the wals made high and broad,
The Bulwarks and the rampiers large and strong,
With Cauallieros and thicke counterforts,
And roome within to lodge fiue thousand men.
It must haue priuy ditches, countermines,
And secret illuings to defend the ditch.
It must haue high Argins and coucred wales

To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,
And Parapets to hide the Muscatters:
Casemates to place the great Artillery,
And store of ordinance that from euery flanke
May scoure the outward curtaines of the Fort,
Dismount the Cannon of the aduerse part,
Murther the Foe and saue their walles from breach.
When this is learn'd for seruice on the land,
By plaine and easie demonstration,
Ile teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dryfoot marche through lakes & pooles,
Deep riuers, hauens, creekes, and litle seas,
And make a Fortresse in the raging waues,
Fenc'd with the concaue of a monstrous rocke,
Inuincible by nature of the place.
When this is done, then are ye souldiers,
And worthy sonnes of Tamburlain the great,

Cal. My Lord, but this is dangerous to be done,
We may be slaine or wounded ere we learne.

Tam. Villain, art thou the sonne of Tamburlaine,
And fear'st to die, or with a Curtle-axe
To hew thy flesh and make a gaping wound:
Hast thou beheld a peale of ordinance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
Whose shattered limbs, being tost as high as heauen,
Hang in the aire as thicke as sunny motes,
And canst thou Coward stand in feare of death:
Hast thou not seene my horsmen charge the foe,
Shot through the armes, cut ouerthwart the hands,
Dieng their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carrouse within my tent,
Filling their empty vaines with airy wine,

That

That being concocted, turnes to crimson blood,
And wilt thou shun the field for feare of woundes:
Uiew me thy father that hath conquered kings,
And with his hoste marcth round about the earth,
Quite voide of skars, and cleare from any wound,
That by the warres lost not a drain of blood,
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

He cuts his arme.

A wound is nothing be it nere so deepe,
Blood is the God of Wars rich liuery.
Now look I like a souldier, and this wound
As great a grace and maiesty to me,
As if a chaire of gold enamuled,
Enchac'd with Diamondes, Saphyres, Rubies
And fairest pearle of welthie India
Were mounted here vnder a Canapie:
And I sat downe, cloth'd with the massie robe,
That late adorn'd the Affrike Potentate.
Whom I brought bound vnto Damascus walles.
Come boyes and with your fingers search my wounds,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now my boyes, what think you of a wound?

Cal. I know not what I should think of it,
Me thinks tis a pitifull sight.

Cel. Tis nothing: giue me a wound father.

Amy. And me another my Lord.

tam. Come sirra, giue me your arme.

Cel. Here father, cut it bravely as you did your own.

tam. It shall suffice thou darst abide a wound
My boy, Thou shalt not loose a drop of blood,
Before we meet the armie of the Turke.

But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadlesse of blowes, of bloody wounds and death:
And let the burning of Larissa walls
My speech of war, and this my wound you see
Teach you my boyes to beare couragious minds,
Fit for the followers of great tamburlaine.
Vsumcasane now come let vs march
Towards Techelles and Theridamas,
That we haue sent before to fire the townes,
The towers and cities of these hatefull Turks,
And hunt that Coward, faintheart, runaway,
With that accursed traitor Almeda,
Til fire and sword haue found them at a bay.

Vsu. I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,
That hath betraied my gracious Soueraigne,
That curst and damned Traitor Almeda.

Tam. Then let vs see if coward Calapine
Dare leuie armes against our puissance,
That we may tread vpon his captiue necke,
And treble all his fathers slaueries. Exeunt.

Actus. 3. Scæna. 1,

Techelles, Theridamas and their traine.

Therid.

THus haue wee marcht Northwarde from (Tamburlaine,
Vnto the frontier pount of Soria:
And this is Balsera their chiefest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.

tech. Then let vs bring our light Artilery,
Minions, Faulknets, and Sakars to the trench,

Fil-

Filling the ditches with the walles wide breach,
And enter in, to seaze vpon the gold:
How say ye Souldiers, Shal we not?
Soul. Yes, my Lord, yes, come lets about it,
ther. But stay a while, summon a parle, Drum,
It may be they will yeeld it quietly,
Knowing two kings, the friend to tamburlain,
Stand at the walles, with such a mighty power.
Summon the battell.

Captaine with his wife and sonne.

Cap. What requier you my maisters?
ther. Captaine, that thou yeeld vp thy hold to vs.
Cap. To you. Why, do you thinke me weary of it?
Tech. May Captain, thou art weary of thy life,
If thou withstand the friends of Tamburlain.
ther. These Pioners of Argier in Affrica,
Euen in the cannons face shall raise a hill
Of earth and fagots higher than thy Fort,
And ouer thy Argins and couered waies
Shal play vpon the bulwarks of thy hold
Volleies of ordinance til the breach be made,
That with his ruine fils vp all the trench.
And when we enter in, not heauen it selfe
Shall ransome thee, thy wife and family.
Tech. Captaine, these Moores shall cut the leaden
(pipes,
That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,
And lie in trench before thy castle walles:
That no supply of victuall shall come in,
Nor issue forth, but they shall die:
And therefore Captaine, yeeld it quietly.

Captain

Cap. Were you that are the friends of Tamburlaine
Brothers to holy Mahomet himselfe,
I would not yeeld it: therefore doo your worst.
Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and undermine,
Cut off the water, all conuoies that can,
Yet I am resolute, and so farewell.
ther. Pioners away, and where I stuck the stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescribed:
Cast vp the earth towards the castle wall,
Which til it may defend you, labour low:
And few or none shall perish by their shot.
Pion. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*
Tech. A himbred horse shall scout about the plaines
To spie what force comes to relieue the holde.
Both we (theridamas) wil intrench our men,
And with the Iacobs staffe measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our artillery
Will carie full point blancke vnto their wals.
ther. Then see the bringing of our ordinance
Along the trench into the battery,
Where we will haue Galions of fire foot brode,
To saue our Cannoniers from musket shot,
Betwixt which, shall our ordinance thunder forth,
And with the breaches fall, smoake, fire, and dust,
The cracke, the Eechoe and the souldiers crie
Make deafe the aire, and dim the Christall Sky.
tech. Trumpets and drums, alarum presently,
And souldiers play the men, the holds is yours.

Enter the Captaine with his wife and sonne.

Olimpia

Olym. Come good my Lord, & let vs haste frō hence
Along the cate that leads beyond the foe,
No hope is left to saue this conquered hold.

Cap. A deadly bullet gliding through my side,
Lies heauy on my heart, I cannot liue.
I feele my liuer pierc'd and all my vaines,
That there begin and nourish euery part,
Wangled and torne, and all my entrals bath'd
In blood that straineth from their orifex.
Farewell sweet wife, sweet son farewell, I die.

Olym. Death, whether art thou gone that both we
Come back again (sweet death) & strike vs both: (liue':
One minute end our daies, and one sepulcher
Containe our bodies: death, why comm'st thou not?
Ah, this must be the messenger for thee,
Now vgly death stretch out thy Sable wings,
And carie both our soules, where his remaines.
Tell me sweet boie, art thou content to die?
These barbarous Scythians full of cruelty,
And Mores, in whom was neuer pitie found,
Will hew vs peecemeale, put vs to the wheele,
Or els inuent some torture worse than that,
Therefore die by thy louing mothers hand,
Who gently now wil lance thy Iuory throat,
And quickly rid thee both of paine and life.

Son. Mother dispatch me, or Ile kil my selfe,
For think ye I can liue, and see him dead?
Giue me your knife, good mother) or strike home:
The Scythians shall not tyrannise on me.
Sweet mother strike, that I may meet my father.

She stabs him.

Olym. Ah sacred Mahomet, if this be sin,

Ile-

Intreat a pardon of the God of heauen,
And purge my soule before it come to thee.

Entert Theridamas, Techelles and all their traine.

ther. How now Madam, what are you doing?

Olim. Killing my selfe, as I haue done my sonne,
Whose body with his fathers I haue burnt,
Least cruell Scythians should dismember him.

tech. Twas bravely done, and like a souldiers wife,
Thou shalt with vs to Tamburlaine the great,
Who when he heares how resolute thou wert,
Wil match thee with a viceroy or a king.

Olym. My Lord deceast, was dearer vnto me,
Than any Viceroy, King or Emperour.
And for his sake here will I end my daies.

ther. But Lady goe with vs to Tamburlaine,
And thou shalt see a man greater [illegible] Mahomet,
In whose high lookes is much more maiesty
Than from the Concaue superficies.
Of Ioues vast pallace the imperiall Orbe,
Unto the shininiug bower where Cynthia sits,
Like louely thetis in a Chrystall robe,
That treadeth Fortune vnderneath his feete,
And makes the mighty God of armes his slaue:
On whom death and the fatall sisters waite,
With naked swords and scarlet liueries:
Before whom (mounted on a Lions backe)
Rhammusia beares a helmet ful of blood,
And strowes the way with braines of slaughtered men:
By whose proud side the vgly furies run.

Harkening

Harkening when he shall bid them plague the world.
Diuer whose Zenith cloth'd in windy aire,
And Eagles wings ioin'd to her feathered breast,
Fame houereth, sounding of her golden Trumpe:
That to the aduerse poles of that straight line,
Which measureth the glorious frame of heauen,
The name of mightie Tamburlain is spread:
And him faire Lady shall thy eies behold. Come.
Olim Take pitie of a Ladies ruthfull teares,
That humbly craues vpon her knees to stay,
And cast her bodie in the burning flame,
That feeds vpon her lomes and hus bands flesh.
tech. Madam, sooner shall fire consume vs both,
Then scorch a face so beautiful as this.
In frame of which, Nature hath shewed more skill,
Than when she gaue eternall Chaos forme,
Drawing from it the shining Lamps of heauen.
ther. Madam I am so far in loue with you,
That you must goe with vs, no remedy.
Olim. Then carie me I care not where you will,
And let the end of this my fatall iourney,
Be likewise end to my accursed life.
tech. No Madam, but the beginning of your ioy,
Come willinglie, therfore.
ther. Souldiers now let vs meet the Generall,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the army of the Turke.
The gold, the siluer, and the pearle ye got,
Rifling this Fort, deuide in equall shares:
This Lady shall haue twice so much againe,
Out of the coffers of our treasurie. Exeunt.

Actus

Actus: 3. Scæna. 5.

Callapine, Orcanes, Ierusalem, Trebizon, Soria; Almeda, with their traine.

Messenger.

REnowmed Emperour, mighty Callapine,
Gods great lieftenant ouer all the world:
Here at Alepo with an hoste of men
Lies Tamburlaine, this king of Persea:
In number more than are the quyuering leaues
Of Idas forrest, where your highnesse hounds,
With open crie pursues the wounded Stag:
Who meanes to gyrt Natolias walles with siege,
Fire the towne and ouerrun the land.

Cal. My royal army is as great as his,
That from the bounds of Phrigia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waues,
Couers the hils, the valleies and the plaines.
Viceroies and Peeres of Turky play the men,
Whet all your swords to mangle Tamburlain
His sonnes, his Captaines and his followers,
By Mahomet not one of them shal liue.
The field wherin this battaile shall be fought,
For euer, terme, the Persians sepulchre,
In memorie of this our victory.

Orc. Now, he that cals himself the scourge of Ioue,
The Emperour of the world, and earthly God,
Shal end the warlike progresse he intends,
And trauaile hedlong to the lake of hell:
Where legions of deuils, knowing he must die

Here

Here in Natolia, by your bighnelle bands)
All brandishing their brands of quenchlelle fire,
Strecbing their monstrous pawes, grin with their
(teeth.
And guard the gates to entertaine his soule.
Cal. Tel me Viceroies the number of your men,
And what our Army royall is esteem'd.
Ier. From Palestina and Ierusalem,
Of Hebrewes, three score thousand fighting men
Are come since last we shewed your maiesty.
Orc. So from Arabia desart, and the bounds
Of that sweet land, whose brave Metropolis
Reedified the faire Semyramis,
Came fifty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we numbred to your Maiesty.
treb. From trebizon in Asia the lesse,
Naturalized Turks and stout Bythinians
Came to my bands full fifty thousand more,
That fighting, knowes not what retreat doth meane,
Nor ere returne but with the victory,
Since last we numbred to your maiesty.
Sor. Of Sorians from Halla is repair'd
And neighbor cities of your bighnesse land,
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we numbred to your maiestie:
So that the Army royall is esteem'd
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.
Callep. Then welcome Tamburlaine vnto thy
(death.
Come puissant Viceroies, let vs to the field,
(The Persians Sepulchre and sacrifice
Mountaines of breathlesse men to Mahomet.

Who now with Ioue opens the firmament,
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

Actus. 2. Scæna. 1.

Tamburlaine with his three sonnes, Vsumcasane with other.

Tam.

HOw now Casane: See a knot of kings,
Sitting as if they were a telling tales.

Vsu. My Lord, your presence makes them (pale and wan.
Poore soules they looke as if their deaths were neere.

tamb. Why, so he is Casane, I am here,
But yet Ile saue their liues and make them slaues.
Ye petty kings of Turkye I am come,
As Hector did into the Grecian campe.
To ouerdare the pride of Grœcia.
And set his warlike person to the view
Of fierce Achilles, riuall of his fame,
I doe you honor in the simile.
For if I should as Hector did Achilles,
(The worthiest knight that euer brandisht sword)
Challenge in combat any of you all,
I see how fearfully ye would refuse,
And fly my gloue as from a Scorpion.

Orc. Now thou art fearfull of thy armies strength,
Thou wouldst with ouermatch of person fight,
But Shepheards issue, base borne tamburlaine,
Thinke of thy end, this sword shall lance thy (throat.

Tamb. Villain, the shepheards issue, at whose byrth
Heauen

Heauen did afford a gratious aspect,
And ioin'd those stars that shall be opposite,
Euen till the dissolution of the world,
And neuer meant to make a Conquerour,
So famous as is mighty Tamburlain:
Shall so torment thee and that Callapine,
That like a roguish runnaway, suborn'd
That villaine there, that slaue, that Turkish dog,
To false his seruice to his Soueraigne,
As ye shal curse the byrth of Tamburlaine.

Cal. Raile not proud Scythian; I shall now reuenge
My fathers vile abuses and mine owne.

Ier. By Mahomet he shal be tied in chaines,
Rowing with Christians in a Brigandine,
About the Grecian Isles to rob and spoile:
And turne him to his ancient trade againe.
Me thinks the slaue should make a lusty theefe.

Cal. Nay, when the battaile ends, al we wil meet,
And sit in councell to inuent some paine,
That most may vex his body and his soule.

Tam. Sirha, Callapine. Ile hang a cloggye about your necke for running away againe, you shall not trouble me thus to come and fetch you.
But as for you (Viceroy) you shal haue bits,
And harnest like my horses, draw my coch:
And when ye stay, be lasht with whips of wier,
Ile haue you learne to feed on prouander,
And in a stable lie vpon the planks:

Orc. But Tamburlaine, first thou shalt kneele to vs
And humbly craue a pardon for thy life.

Arab. The common souldiers of our mighty hoste
Shal bring thee bound vnto the Generals tent.

Sor. And all haue iointly ſworne thy cruell death,
Or bind thee in eternall torments wrath.

tam. Wel ſirs, diet your ſelues, you knowe I ſhall haue occaſion ſhortly to iourney you.

Cel. See father, how Almeda the Jaylor lookes vpon vs.

tam. Villaine, traitor, damned fugitiue,
Ile make thee wiſh the earth had ſwallowed thee:
Seeſt thou not death within my wrathfull looks.
Goe villaine, caſt thee headlong from a rock,
Or rip thy bowels, and rend out thy heart,
T'appeaſe my wrath, or els Ile torture thee,
Searing thy hatefull fleſh with burning yrons,
And drops of ſcalding lead, while all thy ioints
Be rackt and beat aſunder with the wheele,
For if thou liueſt, not any Element
Shal ſhrowde thee from the wrath of tamburlaine.

Cal. Wel, in deſpight of thee he ſhall be king:
Come Almeda, receiue this crowne of me,
I here inueſt thee king of Ariadan,
Bordering on Mare Roſo neere to Meca.

Or. What, take it man.

Al. Good my Lord, let me take it.

Cal. Dooſt thou aſke him leaue? Here, take it.

tam. Go too ſirha, take your crown, and make vp the halfe dozen.
So ſirha, now you are a king you muſt giue armes.

Or. So he ſhal, and weare thy head in his Scutchion:

tamb. No, let him hang a bunch of keies on his ſtandard, to put him in remembrance he was a Jailor, that when I take him, I may knocke out his braines with them, and lock you in the ſtable, when you ſhall come

ſweating

Sweating from my chariot.

treb. Away, let vs to the field, that the villaine may be slaine.

tamb. Sirra, prepare whips, and bring my chariot to my Tent: For as soone as the battaile is done, Ile ride in triumph through the Camp.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles and their traine.

How now ye petty kings, loe, here are Bugges
Will make the haire stand vpright on your heads,
And taske your crownes in slauery at their feet.
Welcome theridamas and techelles both,
See ye this rout, and know ye this same king?

ther. I, my Lord, he was Calapines keeper.

tamb. Well, now you see hee is a king, looke to him theridamas, when we are fighting, least hee hide his crowne as the foolish king of Persea did.

Sor. No Tamburlaine, hee shall not be put to that Exigent, I warrant thee.

tam. You knowe not sir:
But now my followers and my louing friends,
Fight as you euer did, like Conquerours,
The glorie of this happy day is yours:
My sterne aspect shall make faire Victory,
Houering betwixt our armies, light on me,
Loden with Lawrell wreathes to crowne vs all.

tech. I smile to think, how when this field is fought,
And rich Natolia ours, our men shall sweat
With carrieng pearle and treasure on their backes,

tamb. You shall be princes all immediatly:
Come fight ye Turks, or yeeld vs victory.

Or. No, we wil meet thee slauish tãburlain. *Exeunt*

Actus. 4. Scæna. 1.

Alarme: Amyras and Celebinus, issues from the tent where Caliphas sits a sleepe.

NOw in their glories shine the golden crownes
Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns
That halfe dismay the maiesty of heauen:
Now brother, follow we our fathers sword,
That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts,
And cuts down armies with his conquerings wings,
Cel. Call forth our laisie brother from the tent,
For if my father misse him in the field,
Wrath kindled in the furnace of his breast,
Will send a deadly lightening to his heart.
Amy. Brother, ho, what, giuen so much to sleep
You cannot leaue it, when our enemies drums
And ratling camons thunder in our eares
Our proper ruine, and our fathers soile?
Cal. Away ye fools, my father needs not me,
Nor you in faith, but that you will be thought
More childish valourous than manly wise:
If halfe our campe should sit and sleepe with me,
My father ware enough to scar the foe:
You doo dishonor to his maiesty,
To think our helps will doe him any good.
Amy. What, dar'st thou then be absent frō the fight,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardise,
And oft hath warn'd thee to be stil in field,
When he himselfe amidst the thickest troopes
Beats downe our foes to flesh our taintlesse swords.
Cal. I know sir, what it is to kil a man,

It worke remorse of conscience in me,
I take no pleasure to be murtherous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.
Cel. O cowardly boy, fie for shame, come foorth.
Thou doost dishonor manhood, and thy house.
Cal. Goe, goe tall stripling, fight you for vs both,
And take my other toward brother here,
For person like to proone a second Mars,
Twill please my mind as wel to heare both you
Haue won a heape of honor in the field,
And left your sleader carkasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company.
Amy. You wil not goe then?
Cal You say true.
Amy. Were all the lofty mounts of Zona mundi,
That fill the midst of farthest Tartary,
Turn'd into pearle and proffered for my stay,
I would not bide the furie of my father:
When made a victor in these hautie arms,
He comes and findes his sonnes haue had no shares
In all the honors he propolde for vs.
Cal. Take you the honor, I will take my ease,
My wisedome shall excuse my cowardise:
I goe into the field before I need:
Alarme, and Amy. and Celeb. run in.
The bullets fly at random where they list.
And should I goe and kill a thousand men,
I were as soone rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far than he that neuer fights.
And should I goe and do nor harme nor good,
I might haue harme, which all the good I haue
Join'd with my fathers crowne would neuer cure.

Ile to cardes: Perdicas.

Perd. Here my Lord.

Cal. Come, thou and I wil goe to cardes to driue away the time.

Per. Content my Lord, but what shal we play for?

Cal. Who shal kisse the fairest of the Turkes Concubines first, when my father hath conquered them.

Per. Agreed yfaith. They play.

Cal. They say I am a coward, (Perdicas) and I feare as litle their tara, tantaras, their swordes or their cannons, as I doe a naked Lady in a net of golde, and for feare I should be affraid, would put it off and come to bed with me.

Per. Such a feare (my Lord) would neuer make yee (retire.

Cal. I would my father would let me be put in the front of such a battaile once, to trie my valour.

Alarme.

What a coyle they keepe, I beleeue there will be some hurt done anon amongst them.

Enter Tamburlain, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Amyras, Celebinus, leading the Turkish kings.

Tam. See now ye slaues, my childrē stoops your pride
And leads your glories sheep-like to the sword.
Bring them my boyes, and tel me if the warres
Be not a life that may illustrate Gods,
And tickle not your Spirits with desire
Stil to be train'd in armes and chiualry?

Amy. Shal we let goe these kings again my Lord
To gather greater numbers gainst our power,
That they may say, it is not chance doth this,

But

But matchlesse strength and magnanimity.
tamb. No, no Amyras, tempt not Fortune so,
Cherish thy valour stil with fresh supplies:
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes,
But wher's this coward, villaine, not my sonne,
But traitor to my name and maiesty.
He goes in and brings him out.
Image of sloth, and and picture of a slaue,
The obloquie and scorne of my renowne,
How may my hart, thus fired with mine eies,
Wounded with shame, and kill'd with discontent,
Shrowd any thought may holde my striuing hands
From martiall iustice on thy wretched soule.
ther. Yet pardon him I pray your Maiesty.
tech. & Vsu. Let al of vs intreat your highnesse par-
tam. Stand vp, ye base vnworthy souldiers,
Know ye not yet the argument of Armes?
Amy. Good my Lord, let him be forgiuen for once,
And we wil force him to the field hereafter.
tam. Stand vp my boyes, and I wil teach ye arms,
And what the iealousie of warres must doe.
O Samarcanda, where I breathed first,
And ioy'd the fire of this martiall flesh,
Blush, blush faire citie, at thine honors foile,
And shame of nature with Iaertis streame,
Embracing thee with deepest of his loue,
Can neuer wash from thy distained browes.
Here Ioue, receiue his fainting soule againe,
A Forme not meet to giue that subiect essence,
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlain,
Wherein an incorporeall spirit moours,
Made of the mould whereof thy selfe consists.

Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to leuie power against thy throne,
That I might moue the turning Spheares of heauen,
For earth and al this aery region
Cannot containe the state of Tamburlaine.
By Mahomet, thy mighty friend I sweare,
In sending to my soule such a soule,
Created of the massy dregges of earth,
The scum and tartar of the Elements,
Wherein was neither courage, strength or wit,
But follie, sloth, and damned idlenesse:
Thou hast procur'd a greater enemie,
Than he that darted mountaines at thy head.
Shaking the burthen mighty Atlas beares:
Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the aire.
Cloth'd with a pitchy cloud for being seene.
And now ye cankred curres of Asia,
That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,
Although it shine as brightly as the Sun.
Now you shal feele the strength of Tamburlain,
And by the state of his supremacie,
Approoue the difference twixt himself and you.

Orc. Thou shewest the difference twixt our selues (and thee.
In this thy barbarous damned tyranny.

Ier. Thy victories are growne so violent,
That shortly heauen, fild with the meteors
Of blood and fire thy tyrannies haue made,
Will poure down blood and fire on thy head:
Whose scalding drops wil pierce thy seething braines,
And with our bloods, reuenge our bloods on thee.

Tamb. Villaines, these terrours and these tyrannies (If

(If tyrannies wars iustice ye repute)
I execute, enioin'd me from aboue:
To scourge the pride of such as heauen abhors,
Nor am I made Arch-monark of the world,
Crown'd and inuested by the hand of Ioue,
For deeds of bounty or nobility:
But since I exercise a greater name,
The Scourge of God and terrour of the world,
I must apply my selfe to fit those tearmes,
In war, in blood, in death, in cruelti e,
And plague such Pesants as resisting me,
The power of heauens eternall maiesty.
Theridamas, techelles, and Casane,
Ransacke the tents and the pauilions
Of these proud Turks, and take their Concubines.
Making them burie this effeminate brat,
For not a common Souldier shall defile
His manly fingers with so faint a boy.
Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,
And I le dispose them as it likes me best,
Meane while take him in.
Soul. We will my Lord.
Ier. O damned monster, nay a Feend of Hell,
Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,
Nor yet impos'd, with such a bitter hate.
Orc. Reuenge it Radamanth and Eacus,
And let your hates extended in his paines,
Expell the hate wherewith he paines our soules.
Treb. May neuer day giue vertue to his eies,
Whose sight compos'de of furie and of fire
Doth send such sterne affections to his heart,
Sor. May neuer spirit, vaine or Artier feed

The

The curled substance of that cruel heart,
But(wanting moisture and remorsefull blood)
Dry vp with anger, and consume with heat.
tam.Mel,bark ye dogs.Ile bridle al your tongues
And bind them close with bits of burnisht steele,
Downe to the chamels of your hatefull throats,
And with the paines my rigour shall inflict,
Ile make ye roare, that earth may eccho forth
The far resounding torments ye sustaine,
As when an heard of lusty Cymbrian Buls,
Run mourning round about, the Femals misse,
And stung with furie of their following,
Fill all the aire with troublous bellowing:
I will with Engines, neuer exercisde,
Conquer, sacke,and vtterly consume
Your cities and your golden pallaces,
And with the flames that beat against the clowdes
Incense the heauens. and make the starres to melt,
As if they were the teares of Mahomet
For hot consumption of his countries pride:
And til by vision,or by speach I heare
Immortall Ioue say, Cease my Tamburlaine,
I will persist a terrour to the world,
Making the Meteors,that like armed men
Are seene to march vpon the towers of heauen,
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And breake their burning Lances in the aire,
For honor of my woondrous victories.
Come bring them in to our Pauilion. Exeunt.

Actus

Actus. 4. Scæna. 3.

Olympia alone.

DIstrest Olympia, whose weeping eies
Since thy arriuall here beheld no Sun,
But cloude within the compasse of a tent,
Hath stain'd thy cheekes, & made thee look like (death
Deuise some meanes to rid thee of thy life.
Rather than yeeld to his detested suit,
Whose drift is onely to dishonor thee.
And since this earth, dew'd with thy brinish teares,
Affoords no herbs, whose taste may poison thee,
Nor yet this aier, beat often with thy sighes,
Contagious smels, and vapors to infect thee,
Nor thy close Caue a sword to murther thee,
Let this inuention be the instrument.

Enter Theridamas.

The. Wel met Olympia, I sought thee in my tent
But when I saw the place obscure and darke,
Which with thy beauty thou wast woont to light,
Enrag'd, I ran about the fields for thee,
Supposing, amorous Ioue had sent his sonne,
The winged Hermes, to conuay thee hence:
But now I finde thee, and that feare is past,
Tell me Olympia, wilt thou graunt my suit?

Olym. My Lord and husbandes death, with my (sweete sons,
With whom I buried al affections,
Saue griefe and sorrow which torment my heart,
Forbids my mind to entertaine a thought
That tends to loue, but meditate on death,

A fitter subiect for a pensiue soule.
Ther. Olympia, pitie him, in whom thy looks
Haue greater operation and more force
Than Cynthias in the watery wildernes,
For with thy view my ioyes are at the full,
And eb againe, as thou departst from me.
Olim. Ah, pity me my Lord, and draw your sword,
Making a passage for my troubled soule,
Which beates against this prison to get out,
And meet my husband and my louing sonne.
ther. Nothing, but stil thy husband and thy sonne?
Leaue this my Loue, and listen more to me,
Thou shalt be stately Queene of faire Argier,
And cloth'd in costly cloath of massy gold,
Upon the marble turrets of my Court
Sit like to Venus in her chaire of state,
Commanding all thy princely eie desires,
And I will cast off armes and sit with thee,
Spending my life in sweet discourse of loue.
Olym. No such discourse is pleasant in mine eares,
But that where euery period ends with death,
And euery line begins with death againe:
I cannot loue to be an Empresse.
ther. May Lady, then if nothing wil preuaile,
Ile vse some other means to make you yeeld,
Such is the sodaine fury of my loue,
I must and wil be pleasde, and you shall yeeld:
Come to the tent againe. (honor.
Olym. Stay good my Lord, and wil you saue my
Ile giue your Grace a present of such price,
As all the world cannot affoord the like.
ther. What is it.

Olim.

Olym. An ointment which a cunning Alcumist
Distilled from the purest Ballantum,
And simplest extracts of all Minerals,
In which the essentiall fourme of Marble stone,
Tempered by science metaphisicall,
And Spels of magicke from the mouthes of spirits,
With which if you but noint your tender Skin,
Nor Pistol, Sword, nor Lance can pierce your flesh.

Ther. Why Madam, thinke ye to mocke me thus palpably?

Olim. To proove it, I will noint my naked throat,
Which when you stab, looke on your weapons point,
And you shall se't rebated with the blow.

ther. Why gaue you not your husband some of it, if you loued him, and it so precious?

Olym. My purpose was (my Lord) to spend it so,
But was preuented by his sodaine end.
And for a present easie procke hereof,
That I dissemble not, trie it on me,

ther. I will Olympia, and will keep it for
The richest present of this Easterne world.

She noints her throat.

Olym. Now stab my Lord, and mark your weapons point
That will be blunted if the blow be great.

ther. Here then Olympia.
What, haue I slaine her? Villaine, stab thy selfe:
Cut off this arme that murthered my Loue:
In whom the learned Rabies of this age,
Might find as many woondrous myracles,
As in the Theorik of the world.
Now Hell is fairer than Elisian,
A greater Lamp than that bright eie of heauen,

From

From whence the ſtarres doo borrow all their light,
Wanders about the black circumference,
And now the damned ſoules are free from paine,
For euery Fury gazeth on her lookes:
Infernall Dis is courting of my Loue,
Inuenting maſkes and ſtately ſhowes for her,
Opening the doores of his rich treaſurie,
To entertaine this Queene of chaſtitie,
Whoſe body ſhall be tomb'd with all the pompe
The treaſure of my kingdome may affoord.

Exit, taking her away.

Actus. 4. Scæna. 4.

Tamburlaine drawen in his chariot by Trebizon and Soria with bittes in their mouthes, reines in his left hand, in his right hād a whip, with which he ſcourgeth them, Techelles, Theridamas, Vſumeaſane, Amyras, Celebinus; Natolia, and Ieruſalem led by with fiue or ſix common ſouldiers.

Tam.

HOlla, ye pampered Iades of Aſia:
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And haue ſo proud a chariot at your heeles,
And ſuch a Coachman as great Tamburlaine?
But from Aſphaltis, where I conquer'd you,
To Byron here where thus I honor you:
The ioyſe that guide the golden eie of heauen,
And blow the morning from their noſtrils,
Making their fiery gate aboue the cloudes,
Are not ſo honoured in their Gouernour,
As you (ye ſlaues) in mighty Tamburlain.
The headſtrong Iades of Thrace, Alcides tam'd,

That

That King Egeus fed with humaine flesh,
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdew'd with valour more diuine,
Than you by this vnconquered arme of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shal be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drunke in pailes the strongest Muscadell:
If you can liue with it, then liue, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking cloudes:
If not, then dy like beasts, and fit for nought
But perches for the black and fatall Rauens.
Thus am I right the Scourge of highest Ioue,
And see the figure of my dignitie,
By which I hold my name and maiesty.

Ami. Let me haue coach my Lord, that I may ride,
And thus be drawen with these two idle kings.

tam. Thy youth forbids such ease my kingly boy,
They shall to morrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow kings may be refresht,

Orc. O thou that swaiest the region vnder earth,
And art a king as absolute as Ioue,
Come as thou didst in fruitfull Scicilie,
Surueieng all the glories of the land:
And as thou took'st the faire Proserpina,
Ioying the fruit of Ceres garden plot,
For loue, for honor, and to make her Queene,
So for vile hate, for shame, and to subdew
This proud contemner of thy dreadfull power,
Come once in furie and suruay his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.

ther. Your Maiesty must get some byts for these,
To bridle their contemptuous curling tongues,

That

That like vnruly neuer broken Iades,
Breake through the hedges of their hateful mouthes,
And passe their fixed boundes exceedingly.
Tech. May, we will breake the hedges of their mouths
And pul their kicking colts out of their pastures,
Vsu Your Maiesty already hath deuisde
A meane, as fit as may be to restraine
These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy.
Cel. How like you that sir king: why speak you not:
Ier. Ah cruel Brat, spring from a tyrants loines,
How like his cursed father he begins,
To practize tauntes and bitter tyrannies:
Tam. I Turke, I tel thee, this same Boy is he,
That must (aduaunst in higher pompe than this)
Rifle the kingdomes I shall leaue vnlackt.
If loue esteeming me too good for earth,
Raise me to match the faire Aldeboran,
Above the threefold Attractisme of heauen,
Before I conquere all the triple world.
Now fetch me out the Turkish Concubines,
I will prefer them for the funerall
They haue bestowed on my abortiue sonne.
The Cóncubines are brought in.
Where are my common souldiers now that fought
So Lion-like vpon Asphaltis plaines:
Soul. Here my Lord.
Tam. Hold ye tal souldiers, take ye Queens apeece
(I meane such Queens as were kings Concubines)
Take them, deuide them and their iewels too,
And let them equally serue all your turnes.
Soul. We thank your maiesty.
Tam. Brawle not (I warne you) for your lechery,

For

For euery man that so offends shall die,
Orc. Iniurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame
The hatefull fortunes of thy victory,
To exercise vpon such guiltlesse Dames,
The violence of thy common Souldiours lust.
Tam. Liue content then (ye slaues) and meet not me
With troopes of harlots at your sloothful heeles
Lad. O pity vs my Lord, and saue our honours.
tam. Are ye not gone ye villaines with your spoiles:
They run away with the Ladies.
Ier. O mercilesse infernall cruelty.
Tam. Saue your honours: twere but time indeed,
Lost long before you knew what honour meant.
ther. It seemes they meant to conquer vs my Lord,
And make vs iesting Pageants for their Trulles.
tam. And now themselues shal make our Pageant,
And common souldiers iest with all their Truls,
Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoiles,
Till we prepare our martch to Babylon,
Whether we next make expedition.
tech. Let vs not be idle then my Lord,
But presently be prest to conquer it.
tam. We wil techelles, forward then ye Iades:
Now crowch ye kings of greatest Asia,
And tremble when ye heare this Scourge wil come,
That whips downe cities, and controwleth crownes,
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store,
The Euxine sea North to Natolia,
The Terrene west, the Caspian north north-east,
And on the south Sinus Arabicus,
Shal al be loden with the martiall spoiles
We will conuay with vs to Persea.

Then shalany native city Samarcanda
And chrystall waues of fresh Iaertis streame,
The pride and beautie of her princely seat,
Be famous through the furthest continents,
For there my Pallace royal shal be plac'd:
Whose shyning Turrets shal disnay the heauens,
And cast the fame of Ilions Tower to hell.
Thorow the streets with troops of conquered kings,
Ile ride in golden armour like the Sun,
And in my helme a triple plume shal spring,
Spangled with Diamonds dancing in the aire,
To note me Emperour of the three fold world.
Like to an almond tree ymounted high,
Vpon the lofty and celestiall mount,
Of euery greene Selimus quaintly dect
With bloomes more white than Hericinas browes,
Whose tender blossoms tremble euery one,
At euery little breath that thorow heauen is blowen:
Then in my coach like Saturnes royal son,
Mounted his shining chariots, gilt with fire,
And drawen with princely Eagles through the path,
Pau'd with bright Chrystall, and enchac'd with starres,
When all the Gods stand gazing at his pomp.
So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
Until my soule disseuered from this flesh,
Shall mount the milk-white way and meet him there.
To Babylon my Lords, to Babylon. Exeunt.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus

Actus. 5. Scæna. 1.

Enter the Gouernour of Babylon vpon the walles with others.

Gouer.

What saith Maximus? What hath made
Max. My Lord, the breach the enimie
Giues such assurance of our ouerthrow,
That litle hope is left to saue our liues,
Or hold our citie from the Conquerours hands.
Then hang out flagges (my Lord of humble truce;
And satisfie the peoples generall praiers,
That Tamburlains intollerable wrath
May be suppresst by our submission.
Gou. Villaine, respects thou more thy slauish life,
Than honor of thy countrie or thy name?
Is not my life and state as deere to me,
The citie and my native countries weale,
As any thing of price with thy conceit?
Haue we not hope, for all our battered walles,
To liue secure, and keep his forces out,
When this our famous lake of Limnasphaltis
Makes walles a fresh with euery thing that falles
Into the liquid substance of his streame,
More strong than are the gates of death or hel.
What faintnesse should dismay our courages,
When we are thus defenc'd against our Foe,
And haue no terrour but his threatning lookes?

Enter another, kneeling to the Gouernour.

My Lord, if euer you did deed of ruth,
And now will worke a refuge to our liues,

Offer submission, hang vp flags of truce,
That Tamburlaine may pitie our distresse,
And vse vs like a louing Conquerour,
Though this be held his last daies dreadfull siege,
Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,
Yet are there Christians of Georgia here,
Whose state he euer pitied and relieu'd:
Will get his pardon if your grace would send.
Gouer. How is my soule enuironed,
And this eternisde citie Babylon,
Fill'd with a packe of faintheart Fugitiues,
That thus intreat their shame and seruitude:
Another. My Lord, if euer you will win our hearts,
Yeeld vp the towne, saue our wiues and children:
For I will cast my selfe from off these walles,
Or die some death of quickest violence,
Before I bide the wrath of Tamburlaine.
Gouer. Villaines, cowards, Traitors to our state,
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of Hel,
That legions of tormenting spirits may ver
Your slauish bosomes with continuall paines,
I care not, nor the towne will neuer yeeld
As long as any life is in my breast.
Enter Theridamas and Techelles,
with other souldiers.
Thou desperate Gouernour of Babylon,
To saue thy life, and vs a litle labour,
Yeeld speedily the citie to our hands,
Or els be sure thou shalt be forc'd with paines,
More exquisite than euer Traitor felt.
Gou. Tyrant, I turne the traitor in thy throat,
And will defend it in despight of thee.

Call

Call vp the ſouldiers to defend theſe wals.
Tech. Yeeld fooliſh Gouernour, we offer more
Than euer yet we did to ſuch proud ſlaues,
As durſt reſiſt vs till our third daies ſiege:
Thou ſeeſt vs preſt to giue the laſt aſſault,
And that ſhal bide no more regard of parlie.
Gou. Aſſault and ſpare not, we wil neuer yeeld.
Alarme, and they ſcale the walles.

Enter Tamburlain, with Vſumeaſane. Amyras, and Celebinus, with others, the two ſpare kings.

Tam. The ſtately buildings of faire Babylon,
Whoſe lofty Pillers, higher than the cloudes,
Were woont to guide the ſeaman in the deepe.
Being caried thither by the cannons force,
Now fil the mouth of Limnaſphaltes lake,
And make a bridge vnto the battered walles,
Where Belus, Ninus and great Alexander
Haue rode in triumph, triumphs Tamburlaine,
Whoſe chariot wheeles haue burſt th'Aſſirians bones,
Drawen with theſe kings on heaps of carkaſſes,
Now in the place where faire Semiramis,
Courted by kings and peeres of Aſia,
Hath trode the Meaſures, do my ſouldiers march,
And in the ſtreets, where braue Aſſirian Dames
Haue rid in pompe like rich Saturnia,
With furious words and frowning viſages,
My horſmen brandiſh their vnruly blades.
Enter Theridamas and Techelles bringing the Gouernor of Babylon.
Who haue ye there my Lordes?

Ther. The sturdy Gouernour of Babylon,
That made vs all the labour for the towne,
And vide such slender reckning of you maiesty.
Tam. Go bind the villaine, he shall hang in chaines,
Upon the ruines of this conquered towne,
Sirha, the view of our vermillion tents,
Which threatned more than if the region
Next vnderneath the Element of fire,
Were full of Comnets and of blazing stars,
Whose flaming traines should reach down to the earth
Could not affright you, no, nor I my selfe,
The wrathfull messenger of mighty Ioue,
That with his sword hath quail'd all earthly kings,
Could not perswade you to submission,
But still the ports were shut: villaine I say,
Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,
The triple headed Cerberus would howle,
And wake blacke Ioue to crouch and kneele to me,
But I haue sent volleies of shot to you,
Yet could not enter till the breach was made,
Gou. Nor if my body could haue stopt the breach,
Shouldst thou haue entred, cruel tamburlaine:
Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yeeld,
Nor yet thy selfe, the anger of the highest,
For though thy cannon shooke the citie walles,
My heart did neuer quake, or courage faint.
Tam. Wel, now Ile make it quake, go draw him vp,
Hang him vp in chaines vpon the citie walles,
And let my souldiers shoot the slaue to death.
Gouern. O Ie monster, borne of some infernal hag,
And sent from hell to tyrannise on earth,
Do all thy worst, nor death, nor Tamburlaine,

For-

Torture or paine can daunt my dreadlesse minde.
Tam. Vp with him then, his body shalbe scard.
Gou But Tamburlain, in Lymnasphaltis lake,
There lies more gold than Babylon is worth,
Which when the citie was besieg'd I hid,
Saue but my life and I will giue it thee. (like,
Tam. Then for all your valour, you would saue you:
Where about lies it?
Gou. Vnder a hollow bank, right oppolite
Against the Westerne gate of Babylon.
Tam Go thither some of you and take his gold,
The rest forward with execution,
Away with him hence, let him speake no more:
I think I make your courage something quaile,
When this is done, we'll march from Babylon,
And make our greatest haste to Persea:
These Iades are broken winded, and halfe tyr'd,
Vnharnesse them, and let me haue fresh horse:
So, now their best is done to honour me,
Take them, and hang them both vp presently.
Tre. Vild Tyrant, barbarous bloody Tamburlain
Tamb. Take them away Theridamas, see them (dispatcht.
Ther. I will my Lord.
Tam. Come Asian Viceroies, to your taskes a while
And take such fortune as your fellowes felt.
Orc. First let thy Scythyan horse teare both our
Rather then we should draw thy chariot. (limmes
And like base slaues abiect our princely mindes
To vile and ignominious seruitude.
Ier. Rather lend me thy weapon Tamburlain,
That I may sheath it in this breast of mine,

A thousand deathes could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this dooth vexe our soules.
Amy. They will talk still my Lord, if you doe not bridle them.
tam. Bridle them, and let me to my coach.
They bridle them.
Amy. See now my Lord how braue the Captaine hangs.
tam. Tis braue indeed my boy, wel done,
Shoot first my Lord, and then the rest shall follow.
ther. Then haue at him to begin withall.
Theridamas shootes,
Gou. Yet saue my life, and let this wound appease
The mortall furie of great Tamburlain.
tam. No, though Asphaltis lake were liquid gold,
And offer'd me as ransome for thy life,
Yet shouldst thou die, shoot at him all at once.
They shoote.
So now he hangs like Bagdets Gouernour,
Hauing as many bullets in his flesh,
As there be breaches in her battered wall.
Goe now and bind the Burghers hand and foot,
And cast them headlong in the cities lake:
Tartars and Persians shall inhabit there,
And to command the citie, I will build
A Cytadell, that all Affrica
Which hath bene subiect to the Persian king,
Shall pay me tribute for, in Babylon.
tech. What shal be done with their wiues and children my Lord.
tam, Techelles, Drowne them all, man, woman,
Leaue not a Babylonian in the towne. (and child,

Tech.

tech I will about it straight, come Souldiers. Exit
tam. Now Casane, wher's the Turkish Alcaron,
And all the heapes of superstitious bookes,
Found in the Temples of that Mahomet:
Whom I haue thought a God, they shal be burnt.
Cas. Here they are my Lord.
tam. Wel said, let there be a fire prsently,
In vaine I see men worship Mahomet,
My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell.
Slew all his Priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,
And yet I liue vntoucht by Mahomet:
There is a God full of reuenging wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,
Whose Scourge I am, and him will I obey.
So Casane, fling them in the fire.
Now Mahomet, if thou haue any power,
Come downe thy selfe and worke a myracle,
Thou art not woorthy to be worshipped,
That suffers flames of fire to burne the writ
Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.
Why send'st thou not a furious whyrlwind downe,
To blow thy Alcaron vp to thy throne,
Where men report, thou sitt'st by God himselfe,
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlain,
That shakes his sword against thy maiesty.
And spurns the Abstracts of thy foolish lawes.
Wel souldiers, Mahomet remaines in hell,
He cannot heare the voice of Tamburlain,
Seeke out another Godhead to adore,
The God that sits in heauen, if any God,
For he is God alone, and none but he.
tech. I haue fulfil'd your highnes will, my Lord,

Thou

Thoulands of men drown'd in Asphaltis Lake,
Haue made the water swell aboue the bankes,
And fishes feed by humaine carkasses,
Amaide, swim vp and downe vpon the waues,
As when they swallow Assafitida,
Which makes them fleet aloft and gape for aire,
tam. Wel then my friendly Lordes what now re-
But that we leaue sufficient garrison (maines
And presently depart to Persea,
To triumph after all our victories.
ther. I, good my Lord, let vs in hast to Persea,
And let this Captaine be remoou'd the walles,
To some high hill about the citie here.
tam. Let it be so, about it souldiers:
But stay, I feele my selfe distempered suddainly.
tech. What is it dares distemper Tamburlaine?
tam. Something techelles but I know not what,
But forth ye vassals, what so ere it be,
Sickenes or death can neuer conquer me. Exeunt

Actus. 5. Scæna. 4.

Enter Callapine, Amasia, with drums and trumpets.
Callap.

KIng of Amasia, now our mighty hoste,
Marcheth in Asia maior where the streames,
Of Euphrates and Tigris swiftly runs,
And here may we behold great Babylon,
Circled about with Limnasphaltis Lake,
Where tamburlaine with all his armie lies,
Which being faint and weary with the siege,
We may lie ready to encounter him,

Before

Before his hoste be full from Babylon,
And to reuenge our lateſt grieuous loſſe,
If God or Mahomet ſend any aide.
Ama. Doubt not my lord, but we ſhal conquer him
The Monſter that hath drunke a ſea of blood,
And yet gapes ſtil for more to quench his thirſt,
Our Turkiſh ſwords ſhal headlong ſend to hell,
And that vile Carkaſſe drawne by warlike kings,
The Foules ſhall eate, for neuer ſepulchre
Shall grace that baſe-borne Tyrant tamburlaine.
Cal. When I record my Parents ſlauiſh life,
Their cruel death, mine owne captiuity,
My Viceroies bondage vnder tamburlaine,
Me thinks I could ſuſtaine a thouſand deaths,
To be reueng'd of all his Villanie.
Ah ſacred Mahomet, thou that haſt ſeene,
Millions of Turkes periſh by Tamburlaine,
Kingdomes made waſte, braue cities ſackt & burnt,
And but one hoſte is left to honor thee.
Aid thy obedient ſeruant Callapine,
And make him after all theſe ouerthrowes,
To triumph ouer curſed Tamburlaine.
Ama. Feare not my Lord, I ſee great Mahomet
Clothed in purple clowdes, and on his head
A Chaplet brighter than Apollos crowne,
Marching about the ayer with armed men,
To ioine with you againſt this Tamburlaine.
Renowmed Generall mighty Callapine,
Though God himſelfe and holy Mahomet,
Should come in perſon to reſiſt your power,
Yet might your mighty hoſte incounter all,
And pull proud Tamburlaine vpon his knees,

To

To sue for mercie at your highnesse feete,
Cal. Captaine the force of Tamburlaine is great,
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismaide the world,
Are greatest to discourage all our drifts,
Yet when the pride of Cynthia is at full,
She wanes againe, and so shall his I hope,
For we haue here the chiefe selected men
Of twenty seuerall kingdomes at the least:
Nor plowman, Priest, nor Merchant staies at home,
All Turkie is in armes with Callapine.
And neuer wil we sunder camps and armes,
Before himselfe or his be conquered.
This is the time that must eternize me,
For conquering the Tyrant of the world.
Come Souldiers, let vs lie in wait for him
And if we find him absent from his campe,
Or that it be reioin'd again at full,
Assaile it and be sure of victorie. Exeunt.

Actus. 5. Scæna. 6.

Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumeasane.

WEepe heauens, and vanish into liquid teares
Fal starres that gouerne his natiuity,
And common al the shining lamps of heauen
To cast their bootlesse fires to the earth.
And shed their feble influence in the aire.
Muffle your beauties with eternall clowdes,
For hell and darknesse pitch their pitchy tentes,
And Death with armies of Tymerian spirits

Gives

Giues battile gainſt the heart of Tamburlaine,
Now in deſiance of that woonted loue,
Your ſacred vertues pour'd vpon his throne,
And made his ſtate an honor to the heauens,
Theſe cowards inuiſiblie aſſaile hys ſoule,
And threaten conqueſt on our Soueraigne:
But if he die, your glories are diſgrac'd,
Earth droopes and ſaies, that hell in heauen is plac'd.
tech. O then ye Powers that ſway eternal ſeates,
And guide this maſſy ſubſtance of the earthe,
If you retaine deſert of holineſſe,
As your ſupreame eſtates inſtruct our thoughtes,
Be not inconſtant, careleſſe of your fame,
Beare not the burthen of your enemies ioyes,
Triumphing in his fall whom you aduaunſt,
But as his birth, life, health and maieſty
Were ſtrangely bleſt and gouerned by heauen,
So honour heauen til heauen diſſolued be,
His byrth, his life, his health and maieſty.
Caſ. Bluſh heauen to looſe the honor of thy name,
To ſee thy foot-ſtoole ſet vpon thy head,
And let no baſeneſſe in thy haughty breaſt,
Suſtaine a ſhame of ſuch inexcellence:
To ſee the deuils mount in Angels throanes,
And Angels diue into the pooles of hell.
And though they think their painfull date is out,
And that their power is puiſſant as Ioues,
Which makes them manage armes againſt thy ſtate,
Yet make them feele the ſtrength of Tamburlain,
Thy inſtrument and note of Maiſty.
Is greater far, than they can thus ſubdue.
For if he die, thy glorie is diſgrac'd,

Earth

Earth droopes and saies that hel in heauen is plac'd
tam. What daring God torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine,
Shall sicknesse prooue me now to be a man,
That haue bene tearm'd the terrour of the world:
Techelles and the rest, come take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul,
Come let vs march against the powers of heauen;
And set blacke streamers in the firmament,
To signifie the slaughter of the Gods,
Ah friends, what shal I doe I cannot stand,
Come carie me to war against the Gods;
That thus inuie the health of Tamburlaine;
ther. Ah good my Lord, leaue these impatient words;
Which adde much danger to your malladie.
tam. Why shal I sit and languish in this paine;
No, strike the drums, and in reuenge of this;
Come let vs charge our speares and pierce his breast,
Whose shoulders beare the Axis of the world,
That if I perish, heauen and earth may fade,
theridamas, haste to the court of Ioue,
Will him to send Apollo hether straight,
To cure me, or Ile fetch him downe my selfe. (cease.
tech. Sit stil my gratious Lord, this griefe will
And cannot last, it is so violent.
tam. Not last techelles, no, for I shall die,
See where my feare, the vglie monster death
Shaking and quiuering, pale and wan for feare;
Stands aiming at me with his murthering dart,
Who flies away at euery glance I giue,
And when I look away, comes stealing on:
Villaine away, and hie thee to the field,

I and myne armie come to lode thy barke
With soules of thousand mangled carkasses,
Looke where he goes,but see,he comes againe
Because I stay,techelles let vs march,
And weary Death with bearing soules to hell.
Phi. Pleaseth your Maiesty to drink this potion.
Which wil abate the furie of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits gouerne you.
tam. Tel me,what think you of my sickenes now?
Phi. I view'd your vrine,and the Hipostates
Thick and obscure doth make your danger great,
Your vaines are full of accidentall heat,
Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried,
The Humidum and Calor,which some holde
Is not a parcell of the Elements,
But of a substance more diuine and pure,
Is almost cleane extinguished and spent.
Which being the cause of life,imports your death.
Besides my Lord,this day is Triticall,
Dangerous to those,whose Thisis is as yours:
Your Arteirs which alongst the vaines conuey
The liuely spirits which the heart ingenders
Are partcht and void of spirit that the soule
Wanting those Organons by which it moues,
Can not indure by argument of art,
Yet if your maiesty may escape this day,
No doubt, but you shal soone recouer all.
tam. Then will I comfort all my vital parts,
And liue in spight of death aboue a day.
Alarme within.
Mess. My Lord,yong Callapine that lately fled from your maiesty, hath now gathered a fresh Armie, and

hearing

hearing your absence in the field, offers to set vpon vs
presently.

Tam. See my Phisitions now, how Ioue hath sent
A present medicince to recure my paine:
My looks shall make them flie, and might I follow,
There should not one of all the villaines power
Liue to giue offer of another fight.

Vsum. I ioy my Lord, your highnesse is so strong,
That can endure so well your royall presence,
Which onely will dismay the enemy.

Tam. I know it wil Casane: draw you slaues,
In spight of death I will goe show my face.

Alarme, Tamb. goes in, and comes out
againe with al the rest.

Thus are the villaines, cowards fled for feare,
Like Summers vapours, vanisht by the Sun.
And could I but a while pursue the field,
That Callapine should be my slaue againe.
But I perceiue my martial strength is spent,
In vaine I striue and raile against those powers,
That meane t'inuest me in a higher throane,
As much too high for this disdainfull earth.
Giue me a Map, then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these my boies may finish all my wantes,

One brings a Map.

Here I began to march towards Persea,
Along Armenia and the Caspian sea,
And thence vnto Bythinia, where I tooke
The Turke and his great Empresse prisoners,
Then marcht I into Egypt and Arabia,
And here not far from Alexandria,

Where

Whereas the Terren and the red sea meet,
Being distant lesse than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channell to them both,
That men might quickly saile to India.
From thence to Nubia neere Borno Lake,
And so along the Ethiopian sea,
Cutting the Tropicke line of Capricorne,
I conquered all as far as Zanzibar,
Then by the Northerne part of Affrica.
I came at last to Græcia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will,
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
Backeward and forwards neere five thousand leagues,
Looke here my boies, see what a world of ground,
Lies westward from the midst of Cancers line,
Unto the rising of this earthly globe,
Whereas the Sun declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antypodes:
And shall I die, and this unconquered?
Loe here my sonnes, are all the golden Mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than Asia, and the world beside,
And from th'Antartique Pole, Eastward behold
As much more lands, which never was descried,
Wherein are rockes of Pearle, that shine as bright
As all the Lamps that beautifie the Sky,
And shal I die, and this unconquered?
Here lovely boies, what death forbids my life,
That let your lives command in spight of death.

Amy. Alas my Lord, how should our bleeding harts
Wounded and broken with your highnesse griefe,
Retaine a thought of joy, or sparke of life?

Your soul giues essence to our wretched subiects.
Whose matter is incorporat in your flesh.

Cel. Your paines do pierce our soules, no hope sur-
For by your life we entertaine our liues, (uiues,

tam. But sons, this subiect not of force enough,
To hold the fiery spirit it containes,
must part, imparting his impressions,
By equall portions into both your breasts:
My flesh deuided in your precious shapes,
Shal still retaine my spirit, though I die,
And liue in all your seedes immortally:
Then now remoone me, that I may resigne
My place and proper tytle to my sonne:
First take my Scourge and my imperiall Crowne,
And mount my royall chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crown'd before I die,
Help me (my Lords) to make my last remoove.

ther. A woful change my Lord, that daunts our
More than the ruine of our proper soules. (thoughts,

tam. Sit vp my sonne, let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy fathers maiestie.

They crowne him.

Ami. With what a flinty bosome should I ioy,
The breath of life, and burthen of my soule,
If not resolu'd into resolued paines,
My bodies mortified lineaments
should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierc'd with the toy of any dignity?
O father, if the vnrelenting eares
Of death and hell be shut against my praiers,
And that the spightfull influence of heauen,
Denie my soule fruition of her ioy,

How

How should I stop or stir my hatefull feete,
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that onely striues to die,
And plead in vaine, vnpleasing souerainty.
tam. Let not thy loue exceed thyne honor sonne,
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimitie,
That nobly must admit necessity;
Sit vp my boy, and with those silken raines,
Bridle the steeled stomackes of those Jades.
ther. My Lord, you must obey his maiesty,
Since Fate commands, and proud necessity.
Amy. Heauens witnes me, with what a broken hart
And damned spirit I ascend this seat,
And send my soule before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony.
tam. Now fetch the hearse of faire Zenocrate,
Let it be plac'd by this my fatall chaire,
And serue as parcell of my funerall.
Caf. Then feeles your maiesty no soueraigne ease,
Nor may our hearts all drown'd in teares of blood,
Joy any hope of your recouery?
tamb. Casane no, the Monarke of the earth,
And cieleslie Monster that torments my soule,
Cannot behold the teares ye shed for me,
And therefore still augments his cruelty.
tech. Then let some God oppose his holy power,
Against the wrath and tyranny of death,
That his teare-thirsty and vnquenched hate,
May be vpon himselfe reuerberate.
They bring in the hearse.
tam Now eies, inioy your latest benefite,
And when my soule hath vertue of your sight,